

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

INTERESTING
AND
MEMOIRS
ALLEGORIES



POETICAL

TO AMUSE THE YOUNG
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY

BY MRS. J. H. H. H.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

A N E C D O T E
OF
DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean and a party of his friends, having agreed to walk out of town, to a certain nobleman's, where they were all to sleep, the Dean, who was the greatest walker of the set, soon distanced the rest, with a professed design of securing the best bed.—On this, one of the others was dispatched on horse-back by a different road to punish the Dean for his selfishness, who accordingly reached the place of destination long before Swift, and posted a servant of the nobleman's

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at some distance from the house to inform the humorist that the small-pox was in the family. The Dean, who never had the distemper, alarmed at the news, took up his residence in a little room at the end of a garden or field, where he supped alone and passed several melancholy hours, while his friends at the mansion were laughing very heartily at his situation; at length, taking pity of him, they revealed the jest, and received a promise that on no future occasion the best bed should deprive them of his company.

ALMET THE DERVISE.

ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluted him with the usual dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“ Almet,” said the stranger “ thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess, but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyments; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I am come: a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.” Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being in whom reason was known to be a pledge of morality; but the serenity of his countenance

nance soon returned ; and, stretching out his hand to heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the prophet I will communicate to thee.

"As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me ; and while I remarked the weariness and solitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. "Wretched mortals," said I, "to what purpose are ye busy ? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar ? Or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert : a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon ; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieve the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds, which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst, which the wealthy have given
half

half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre gain from the possession, what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known, who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?"

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Arozan the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "Almet," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption

sumption from the precipice of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding. It is again open before thee ; look up, consider it, and be wise."

I looked up and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk ; at the end a wild desert ; and beyond impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty : on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace : his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom : he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized him ;

him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request; "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods and adorned with buildings. At a second view I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled,
by

by some secret influence : sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short, as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way ; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected : but he again prevented my request : “ Almet,” said he, “ remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another ; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end : the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy : the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen ; the river glided by unnoticed ; and
he

he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

“What then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.”

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was going down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of

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midnight

midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things, and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

TO A CLERGYMAN IN ESSEX,
ON THE
DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

By S. Whitchurch, Ironmonger, of Bath.

PERMIT a distant Bard in friendly lays
To soothe your grief, and sing your *Mary's*
praise;

Permit

Permit him now in sad affliction's hour,
 The kindly oil of sympathy to pour ;
 Grant him with you the pious tear to shed,
 And share your sorrows for the lovely dead.

Hard is the lot of mortal man on earth,
 A hapless mourner at his very birth ;
 Destin'd thro' various scenes of woe to run,
 Of each bright day to see the setting sun :
 To find unnumber'd evils wound his peace,
 To feel his sorrows with his years encrease ;
 To mark his pleasures ever on the wing,
 And from his very joys see troubles spring ;
 To view the beauty that e'en age might warm,
 Soon fade away, and lose the pow'r to charm ;
 For all the happiness that sweetens life,
 For heav'n's best boon itself—a virtuous wife,
 And all the bliss her presence can bestow,
 Is soon exchange'd for absence, and for woe !

And since my Friend, for all your earthly love,
 'Twas your's the painful parting scene to prove ;
 Since your lov'd *Mary*, idol of your heart,
 Who, heav'n instructed, chose the better part ;
 Since she has yielded to the stroke of death,
 And in the prime of life resign'd her breath ;
 What has her weeping husband now to do,
 But seek in death a safe assylum to ?

No

Not so, my mourning friend, since bounteous
heav'n

A lovely progeny to you has given ;
This be the pleasing task to you assign'd,
To pour instruction on the tender mind ;
" To teach the young idea how to shoot,"
With care to foster learning's rip'ning fruit ;
To act the father's and the mother's part,
And with persuasion soft, to win the heart.

Take then your charge, and with submissive mind,
Be to your Heav'nly Father's will resign'd ;
He ne'er afflicts his children, but to prove
How great his goodness, and how strong his love.
Though griefs assail, and forms of trouble rise,
They're latent mercies, " blessings in disguise ;"
The book of Providence unfolded wide,
Anon no secret from the just shall hide ;
Soon at one glance shall to the view appear,
A god-like reason for each groan and tear :
Joy soon shall brighten the glad mourner's eye,
All tears be wip'd away, and every sorrow fly ;
Life's rudest storms shall quickly pass away,
And heaven's calm sunshine gild the happier day ;
Soon absent friends again shall gladly meet,
And souls congenial mix in union sweet ;
Soon, undebas'd by pain's severe alloy,
Shall triumph constant love and lasting joy ;
Soon

Soon the last dreg be wrung from sorrow's cup,
 For death in vict'ry shall be swallow'd up;
 Soon you, my friend, shall joyful greet again
 The lovely Fair, whose absence gives you pain;
 Soon, on the flow'ry bank of Canaan's shore,
Shall you and MARY meet—TO PART NO MORE!

BATH, 1st of January, 1796.

S. W.

ANECDOTE

OF

A KING OF FRANCE.

JOINVILLE, a contemporary writer, says of Lewis IX. "The good King would often take a walk in Vincennes wood, and, placing himself under an oak, make us sit down by him; and thus he would patiently give audience to all who wanted to speak to him. Several times he has been known to come to the royal garden at Paris, and, ordering carpets to be laid, he sat down on them with his counsellors, and *diligently dispatched his people*. Twice a week he gave public audience in his chamber, and with business mingled instruction. A Lady of Quality, very old, and
 at

at the same time in a very ornamented dress, asked to speak a word with him in private. He led her into his closet, and after hearing her as long as he pleased, "Madame (said he,) I shall be mindful of your affair, if, on your side, you will be mindful of your salvation. I have been told that you was once very handsome: that time, you know, is past and gone; the beauty of the body fades away like the flowers of the field; do what we will, it is not to be renewed: we should think on the beauty of the soul, which will last for ever."

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

THE day after Charles V. (one of the wisest as well as most fortunate of princes) had resigned all his kingdoms to his son Philip, he introduced, and recommended to his service, his faithful counsellor and secretary, with these remarkable words, "The present I make you to day is a far more valuable one than that I made you yesterday."

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ANECDOTE
OF
SAUVEUR.

SAUVEUR, the French mathematician, when he was about to court his mistress, would not see her, 'till he had been with a notary, to have the conditions on which he intended to insist, reduced into a written form, for fear the sight of her should not leave him enough master of himself. Like a true mathematician, he proceeded by rule and line, and made his calculations when his head was cool.

A MENTAL MIRROR:

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUTH OF BRITAIN.

IN all collections of Essays, I invariably find some paper addressed to the women, that is either offered as a lecture or advice, or levelled at them with all the severity of satire; while the men, the lords of the creation! are suffered to grovel on in vice, or to sneak through the world
as

as ignorant and worthless characters. Why are the eyes of these authors shut against the follies of their own sex? Why will the learned mind labour to seduce women again to taste of the tree of Knowledge, only to make her see the *nakedness* of those around her?—Oh, ye youth of Britain! blush at the wilful neglect of your understandings! blush when you recollect the high, the sublime nature of the soul. Good Heaven! can a *modern* fine gentleman suppose himself in the same class of being with an Essex, or a Sidney, the ornaments of the sixteenth century? To mention the sacred names of a Newton, or a Locke, would be to draw a comparison between the feeble glimmer of a glow-worm and the effulgence of the sun.

The first emotion of the human heart is a strong desire of happiness; and, in minds of any worth, an ambition to be eminent in something: two biases, which emphatically mark the grandeur and immortality of the soul; and, if properly directed, would raise the men to the highest perfection that a frail nature is capable of. The ambition of a manly soul ought to soar to *intellectual* attainments—a *perfect* gentleman must not be *ignorant* on any subject. To be uninformed of the histories of Greece and Rome, setting aside that
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of our country, is absolutely shameful: yet two-thirds of our *Jeu d'Esprits* would rub their vacant foreheads, if you happened to ask them any question about any of the Gracchi; but hint in their ears the name of Alcibiades or Phocion, and perhaps they will think that you are talking of some old cloaths men! I have heard mistakes made, by fashionable young men, that a school-boy of ten years old would blush to be caught in. I will take the liberty of giving two or three examples.

Some ladies, in company with one gentleman, were expressing their approbation of the graceful manner in which Helen leaves her loom to go to Paris, after his flight from Menelaus—"Ah, ladies," says he, "It is fine in Pope; but I have read it in the *original Latin*, and there it is beautiful!"—"In Latin, Sir," said a female friend of mine who was present: "I beg your pardon, but Homer was a Greek poet."—No, no, Madam," he hastily replied; "you mean Horace. I assure you Homer was a Roman, for I have read him."

One evening, I was, with some other ladies, in a room with three young men. How the subject came into their heads I know not, because I was not listening to their conversation; but my attention was arrested by one of them saying, rather

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ther loudly—"Mark Anthony was made king of one of the Assyrian provinces."—"Perhaps so; but I am *sure*," replied a second, "he was Cæsar's son.—"You both mistake," interrupted the third; "he was one of the villains that helped Brutus to kill Cæsar!" I was astonished; and speechless with surprize, gazed at the three "*gay charming fellows!*" who, in my opinion, better deserved the appellation of the *blockhead triumvirate*.

One more example, out of the many I could advance, and I have done. Calling one morning on a friend of mine, I met some company of both sexes, assembled in the drawing-room: a print of the Virgin Mary, which lay on the table, being the object of their attention, the conversation insensibly turned upon Sacred History, and the manner of John the Baptist baptizing. A lady said, she did not perfectly recollect whether our Saviour was baptised by being immersed in the water, or by only having a little poured on his head. "Oh, Madam!" said a very handsome, elegant young gentleman, with great confidence—"Saint John took the *child* in his arms, and dipped him into the river!" The mistake was so very flagrant, that even his male friends could scarcely forbear laughing.

And

And these illiterate, shamelessly ignorant animals, are of that noble species, Man!—that super-eminent creature, whose form was made to gaze on the heavens, and the faculties of whose soul were expanded by his Creator that he might count the stars! And how *does* he now employ his time? not even in walking the plain track of literature—not in comparing the histories of republics, kingdoms, and empires; and, while he reads, finds himself transported to the early ages of the world, conversing with wise law-givers, and holy patriarchs!—not in searching through the labyrinths of the human mind with Locke; nor in treading the stars, and making the vast tour of the universe, in company with the divine Newton!—No; these are not his pursuits: he reads no books; save now and then a flimsy play, that has nothing but its novelty to recommend it—and, perhaps, the history of some popular divorce. Besides the Pantheon, that *ineffable* fountain from whence he derives *all* his classical knowledge! a slight acquaintance with the geography of France, just sufficient to enable him to understand the news of the day, is all the learning he aspires after. Talk of the stars to him, and he will say, he never looks at any, but those in a woman's face. Talk of the *soul, friendship, mind, &c.* and he will interrupt you by saying
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it's *jargon* he does not understand. There is one *science*, I believe, the whole of his sex is perfectly conversant in—that of *eating and drinking*; on the subject of which they could out-talk Apicius himself. And I will do them the justice to say, that even the most stupid of them could reduce it to a system, in a most elaborate treatise on tarts and custards.

Many of our youth are so monstrously barren, that I can positively affirm, there are not eight out of ten who can spell an epistle of one page in length without the immediate aid of a dictionary. As to their accomplishment, in the most delightful of all studies, the works of the poets, I can say little or nothing to their advantage. The swift, though tender ray of Apollo's halo, cannot penetrate their opake brows. Ignorance, if not vicious *hardiment*, has shielded their brazen foreheads; and, to *their dull ear*, the concord of sweet sounds is charmless.

I know there are some, who have *scummed* the surface of literature; and, being swoln with the little pre-eminence that they have over their companions, they are wild to shew their *superiority* over *common-sense*. Flinging reason behind them, they set up for men of *extraordinary genius*; and, like

like the Persian glass-man, in his foolish vision, they kick about their earthly happiness, and hopes of future felicity, with a real lunatic fury.

To *you*, young men, who idly and wickedly sport with your *own salvation*, and that of your *weak* and *credulous* associates, I will address these four lines of Pope :

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring;
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Yet there are some of our young Englishmen who are an honour to their country, who join, with all the charms of a beautiful form, the more attracting, the more fascinating graces, of a richly cultivated understanding, and a poetical and delicate taste; whose society will always be sought after with eagerness; and, when absent, the remembrance of their virtues and accomplishments will play a lambent flame around our hearts, and no time can erase their lovely idea from our memory. How different are the sensations, which agitate the bosom of a female, in the company of a thoughtless coxcomb! She lets the poor little butterfly flutter round her, and buz its empty
 nothing

nothing in her ear; and, when it takes its flight, thinks no more of it, than of those insects which sparkle in the summer's blaze.

I am well aware, that if *this* ever meets the eye of those to *whom* I address it, they will set me down as a *disappointed, ugly*,—Old Maid; but I deny the charge—I am not *old*, for I have not yet lived two and twenty years; I think I am not *ugly*, provided I may believe the daily rhapsodies of at least half a dozen of these popinjays; and I *know* I am *rich*. So I make out, I am neither the *disappointed*, the *ugly*, or the *old*.

ANECDOTE

OF

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

SHORTLY after the first appearance of *Venice Preserv'd* in the dramatic world, the Duchess of Portsmouth, (then the favorite of Charles the Second) inquired of Lord Rochester after Otway, saying, she had not seen him for some time. His Lordship, with a sneer, said, he supposed he could not make as respectable an appearance

pearance as his play; and was therefore resolved, like many other ragged bards, to amuse himself with dressing his muse with all the finery of Parnassus. "That may be the case," said the Duchefs, "and your Lordship must acknowledge Mr. Otway dresses his muse in much more elegant attire than all the dramatic poets now living can possibly do theirs. As a proof of my esteem for his genius, will your Lordship be so kind to convey this fifty-pound note to him?—'Tis a debt I owe him; and (if he is as you say) this is the best opportunity of discharging it."

THE MISTAKE.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

"**E**VERY one has his fault," says the proverb; and I believe it may with equal truth be said, that there are few characters, however vicious, who cannot boast some share of virtue. But such is the prejudice of the world, that the former are remembered with increasing rancour, while the latter scarcely engage attention; or, at most, are but slightly noticed. When a man is led astray by the allurements of vice, the re-
cording

cording hand of Envy seldom fails to blazon to the world his departure from virtue ; nor would such an exposure be at all matter of regret, if there were some friendly hand as ready to proclaim his return, and depicture those actions which are allied to Benevolence, Compassion, and Justice. Such were my thoughts on a very recent transaction, described in the following short narrative.

Eumenius, a *barrister* of considerable eminence in Lincoln's Inn, a few days back, was waited on by a Lady, who had mistaken him for an *attorney* of the same name, to accommodate a lawsuit that had been instituted against her husband, then absent from home. Eumenius, on hearing a relation of the business, readily discovered the error into which she had been led from the name: but, perceiving in the lady's countenance evident marks of inquietude, he politely offered his mediation in settling the business—which admitted no defence—on the best terms possible, with the plaintiff's attorney. After some little conversation, the lady accepted his friendly offer, and leaving her address with Eumenius, who promised to communicate the result of his application, took her leave.

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By this time the reader may have imbibed a suspicious idea, that the motives by which Eumenius was actuated to take upon him the office of mediator, were not drawn from that pure, disinterested source, which, regardless of selfish reward, seeks to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. The justice of that opinion I am not inclined to dispute; since I should certainly offer violence to truth, were I to contend that they were at all favourable to morality.

The lady in question was a lovely brunette; and, though her form could not, perhaps, boast the waving line of beauty so ably portrayed by the pencil of the matchless Hogarth, yet there was a certain air in her deportment, a *je ne sçai quoi* in the whole assemblage of her person, that imperceptibly arrested the attention, and excited from every beholder involuntary admiration. Perhaps, the anxiety of mind under which she at that moment laboured, and the pensive melancholy which commonly diffuses itself over the human features in the hour of distress, might give a softness to her beauty, and heighten the natural graces of her person, that to the susceptible heart of youth rendered her irresistible. Be this as it may, Eumenius felt himself interested in her be-

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half;

half; and instantly discarded from his thoughts all other business, eagerly bent on accommodating that of the lovely stranger.

Lauretta, on her return home, after a slender repast, was sitting in the parlour with her little brood, consisting of three infants, emblems of their parent stock, reflecting on the occurrences of the day, when a loud knocking at the door roused her from her meditations; and, before she could apply her handkerchief to her eyes, to wipe away the tears of sad anxiety, Eumenius entered the room. Surprise, at this unexpected visit, deprived her for some moments of the faculties of speech: nor was the advocate less immured in silence. To find the person, for whom he had thus interested himself, the mother of a lovely offspring, was foreign to his expectations. "I have seen the plaintiff's attorney, Madam," said the barrister, recovering from his surprize; "who is willing to make an abatement of two guineas in his bill of costs, on condition that the remainder, with the debt, amounting together to the sum of six guineas, be immediately paid."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir," returned the lovely mourner, "for the trouble you have taken

taken in this business; but the sum demanded, small as it is, is more than I at present can command. My husband is from home——”

“Distress yourself no more about it,” interrupted Eumenius; “there is a receipt for the debt and costs.”

“To what motive, Sir, may I impute this extraordinary act of friendship?” enquired Lauretta, with astonishment. “I fear, Sir,” continued she, “that you have mistaken the object of your bounty!”

“I confess, Madam,” replied the barrister, “that the motives by which I have been actuated, reflect no credit on me as a man. I am disappointed in my pursuit: but that disappointment, so far from giving me pain, has excited in my breast the most pleasurable sensations; and instead of involving you in distress, I have happily been the means of rescuing you from it. As to the pecuniary obligation, your husband may repay it me whenever it shall be convenient to himself: and my wishes are, that you may uninterruptedly enjoy every felicity,” Then, bowing, he withdrew, happy at his mistake; and leaving his lovely auditor to the enjoyment of her own thoughts, while he had the satisfaction to reflect, that, by the
unerring

unerring hand of Providence, he had been prevented from increasing the number of his offences; and when he was seeking the temple of Vice, his better genius conducted him to the mansion of Virtue.

Reader, shouldst thou ever meet, in the walks of life, any similar case; if thou shouldst ever be tempted, by the false blandishments of Vice, to taste of her intoxicating goblet; may thy guardian angel, like that of the learned advocate, dash from thy lips the poisonous draught, and bring thee back a proselyte to Virtue!

THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR.

THE departure of the OLD YEAR, and the entrance of a NEW ONE, cannot but suggest many useful and very important reflections to a thinking man. We cannot take a final leave of any thing to which we have been accustomed without a sentiment of concern. Objects, otherwise of the most indifferent nature, claim this, and they never fail of obtaining it, at the hour of parting. The idea of the *last* is always a melancholy

lancholy idea ; and it is so, perhaps, for this among other reasons ; because, whatever be the immediate subject, an application is presently made to ourselves. Thus, in the case before us, it is recollected—and let it be recollected—it is good for us to recollect it—that what has happened to the year, must happen to us. On each of us a day must dawn, which is to be our last. When we shall have buried a few more years, we must ourselves be buried ; our friends shall weep at our funeral ; and what we have done, will live only in their remembrance. The reflection is sorrowful : but it is just and salutary ; equally vain and imprudent would be the thought of putting it away from us. Meanwhile, let us cast our eyes back on that portion of time which is come to its conclusion, and see whether the good thoughts that have occurred to our minds, the good words that have been uttered, and the good deeds that have been performed by us, will not furnish materials with which we may erect a lasting monument to the memory of the departed year.

No year, certainly, should be permitted to expire without giving occasion to such a retrospect. The principal events that have befallen us in it should be recollected ; and the requisite improvements

ments be raised from them severally, by meditation. What preservations from dangers, spiritual or temporal, have been vouchsafed ; what new blessings granted, or old ones continued, to me and mine ; to my friends, my neighbours, my church, my country ; and how have I expressed, in word and in deed, my gratitude and thankfulness for them ? With what losses or crosses, what calamities or sicknesses, have we been visited ; and have such visitation rendered us more penitent, more diligent, devout, and holy, more humble, and more charitable ? If the light of heaven hath shined on our tabernacle, and we have enjoyed the hours of health and happiness, let us enjoy them over again in the remembrance : if we have lived under a dark and stormy sky, and affliction has been our lot, let us consider that so much of that affliction is gone, and the less there is of it to come. But whatever may be gone, or come, all is from God, who sends not without reason, and with whom if we co-operate, no event can befall us which will not in the end turn out to our advantage. Such reflections as these should indeed be always made at the time when the events do befall us. But if not made then, they should at some time ; which yet will not be done, unless some time be appointed for making them. And what time so fit as that, when one year ends
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and another begins ; when, having finished a stage of our journey, we survey, as from an eminence, the ground we have passed ; and the sight of the objects brings to mind the occurrences upon that part of the road ?

In the course of the foregoing year many good examples we must have seen or heard of ; and by means of books and conversation from without, and hints from our own consciences within, much wholesome advice, many faithful and kind reproofs, must we have met with. For all these admonitions are we the better, and have we profited by them ! When we examine ourselves as to the progress we have made in the Christian life since this day twelve-month, do we find that we have discarded any evil habits, or acquired any good ones ; that we have mortified any vices, or brought forward to perfection any virtues ? In one word, as we grow older, do we grow wiser and better ? These are the questions which should be asked at the conclusion of a year. And may the heart of every person return to them an answer of peace ! May we find pleasure in reviewing them ! But review them we must—and so must he, who is to be our judge, at the day of his second manifestation. That day draws on
apace :

apace: That not only friends die, and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already has it suffered a watery death; it is to be destroyed a second time by fire. A celebrated Author, having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of the fire, and the progress it is to make, with the final utter devastation to be effected by it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sunk in a molten deluge.

Let us reflect, says the above Author, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth.

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ANECDOTE
OF
SCHAH ABBAS.

SCHAH ABBAS, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a Prince. One might have judged the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his table. Some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian gulph, others from the Oans and Caspian sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his Nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office: but instead of falling to and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and began weeping. Schah Abbas, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company. He would fain have been excused; but the Sophi ordered him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint him with the cause of his disorder. "Know then, (said he,) O Monarch of the earth, that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision, which was sent me from the Prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the

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moon

moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me upon their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest Heaven, where the Messenger of God, on whom be peace, was sitting on his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand. It was alledged by them that ten or twelve of them were murdered often to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate. Some gave their tongues only, some their bowels; some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared such constant waste was made of them, that unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The Prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him. They instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men; when it was found to be just the common size. He permitted all the animals to make reprisals on the body of
their

their destroyer ; but before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured, so ill proportioned was the offender to the offence." This vision made such an impression on the Sophi, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table for ever after.

A BUCK PARSON.

A Reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one: "D—n this old surplice," said he to the clerk, "I think the devil is in it!" The astonished clerk waited till the Parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered—"I thinks as how a is Zir!"

A N E C D O T E.

PATRONS are but too apt to reward their authors with compliments, when they want bread.

bread. Sorbiere, being treated in this manner by his friend Pope Clement IX. is said to have complained in the following humorous terms :—
 “ Most holy father, you give ruffles to a man who is without a shirt.”—

AN ANECDOTE.

CHARLES IX. once sent an order to Viscount D'Orte, Governor of Bayonne, to massacre all the Protestant inhabitants there, to which he returned the following answer :

“ SIRE,

I have communicated the Royal Mandate to your Majesty's faithful subjects in the town, as well as to all those who compose the garrison. To a man, I have found them all most worthy citizens, and men of approved valour, but not one executioner among them ; wherefore, they and I most humbly beseech your Majesty, with all humility, to give us an opportunity of employing our swords for you in any practicable enterprize, no matter how big the danger. There, in obedience to your command, the last drop of blood shall chearfully be shed.”

ON

ON RETIREMENT.

THE season of the year inviting me for a time to quit scenes of hurry and confusion, I retired lately into the country to enjoy a calm retreat, breathe the salubrious air, and feast my eyes with nature cloathed in the blooming garment of the spring. Here I often contemplate the wonders of creation undisturbed, and think myself happier in solitude than the gaudy Courtier amidst the splendours, noise, and hurry of a Court.

This is safety's habitation; silence guards the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The swarm of temptations that beset us amidst the gaieties of life, are banished from these scenes of retirement. Here without disturbance, I can survey my own thoughts; and ponder the secret intentions of my own heart. In short, here I can learn the best of sciences, that of knowing myself. The other evening I strayed into the fields, and, pleasing myself with that variety of objects that presented themselves on every side, night overtook me before I was aware. The whole face of the ground was soon overspread with shades, only a few of
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the lofty eminences were clothed with streaming silver, and the tops of the waving groves, and summits of the mountains, were irradiated with the smiles of the departing day. The clouds, expanding their purple wings, were tipped with a ray of gold, while others represented a chain of lofty mountains, whose craggy summits overshadowed the vales below, and along their inaccessible sides there appeared various pits and romantic caves.

A calm of tranquillity and undisturbed repose spread over the whole scene. The gentle gales fanned themselves asleep, so that not a single leaf was in motion: echo herself slept unmolested, and the expanded ear could only catch the liquid lapse of a murmuring stream. The beasts departed to their grassy couch, and the village swains to their pillows; even the faithful dog forgot his post, and slumbered with his master.

Darkness was now at its height, and the different objects were only rendered visible by the faint glimmering of the stars. This solemn scene brought to my remembrance the terrors which often invade timorous minds. "This (said I to myself) is the time when the ghosts are supposed to make their appearance, and spirits visit the
solitary

solitary dwellings of the dead. But what should terrify me, when I know I am encompassed by the hand of my Maker, and that in a short time I shall enter a whole world of unbodied beings? Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that numbers of invisible beings are, at this instant patrolling the same retreat, and joining with me in contemplating the works of the Almighty Creator."

While I was thus reflecting on the excessive timidity that possesses many people's mind, when the fable curtain of the night is drawn, the moon darted her silver rays from the eastern part of the horizon, and dispelled the veil from the countenance of nature. Every object appeared more delicately shaded, and arrayed in softer charms. This beautiful prospect, more various than fancy itself can paint, brought to my mind that beautiful night-piece in Homer:

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure, spreads a sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tipt with silver ev'ry mountains' head:

Then

Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

My thoughts were recalled from these pleasing ideas by the noise proceeding from the steps of an ancient inhabitant of a neighbouring cottage: his face, though wrinkled with age, had in it something majestic, and his hoary locks flowed loosely over his shoulders. He seemed surprized at seeing me alone in the fields, and, when he understood that the contemplation of the stupendous works of my Maker had alone detained me, he was filled with admiration. " Son, (said he,) I have for near fifty years been an inhabitant of yonder cottage : my youth was indeed squandered in pursuing the fashionable amusements of the age ; but finding, on mature reflection, that true pleasure only consists in treading the paths of virtue, I abandoned the deceitful pursuits of the world, and retired to this solitary cottage, where I have continued in peace and tranquillity. Here I can contemplate the wonders of my Creator, and rejoice in a firm hope of a happy eternity. Is it not surprizing to think that mortals can be pleased with the ample dimensions of Ranelagh's dome, or the gay illuminations of Vauxhall grove, and

and not be touched with transport at the stupendous display of Omnipotent skill? At the august grandeur and shining stateliness of the firmament, that forms an alcove for ten thousand worlds, and is ornamented with millions of eternal luminaries? This must surely betray not only a total disregard of the Great Creator, but the most abject littleness of mind, and the utmost poverty of genius. Four-score years have revolved since I first breathed the vital air: such a term, to unthinking youth, may seem of a prodigious length; hours crowded behind hours exhibit an extensive plan, and flatter us with a long progression of pleasures: but how short and scanty to one who has made the experiment! It was, methinks, but yesterday, that I abandoned the gay, and retired to this lonely habitation, and I must shortly resign both for the sleep of death. As soon as we are born, we draw nearer to our end; and how small is the interval between the cradle and the tomb? A few minutes passed, and we plunge into eternity; and on this inconsiderable portion alone depends our final felicity. Defer not, therefore, my son, one single moment to cultivate a correspondence with the condescending Deity, and taste the pleasures of Divine Friendship. Then shall death, whenever he approaches, be stripped of his terrors, and

the grave become a mansion of tranquillity. Hark! the death-bell from yonder tower, laden with heaviest accents, saddens the air! It gives notice to surviving mortals that the last enemy has begun the chase, and has even now laid one of our neighbours in the dust. It is therefore high time for us to cultivate good works, and sow the seeds of virtue, that eternity may yield us a joyful harvest.—Farewell, my son; reflect on these observations of mature age, and pursue the path that leads to the regions of everlasting felicity.”

THE GENEROUS SULTAN.

AN EASTERN TALE.

SHAH ABBAS, sultan of Persia, swayed the sceptre of his ancestors with wisdom and magnanimity; his enemies trembled at his name, and his subjects revered his power, and blessed his bounty. The luxuries of the east supplied his table, and the beauties of Circassia filled his seraglio. He governed his people with justice, enacted sage laws, and extended his generosity to the remotest parts of his dominions.

After

After several successful wars in which he had engaged to defend the just rights of Persia, he restored peace to his country, and returned in triumph to his palace, to enjoy, in undisturbed ease, the pleasures of that tranquillity and plenty, which by his martial labours he had procured for his people

One day, while he was in his seraglio, and surveyed the lovely females by whom he was surrounded, he observed one of them, of extreme beauty, who appeared sunk in grief and melancholy; despondence sat on her cheek, and the tear glistened in her eyes. At the approach of the powerful lord of the half of Asia, she scarcely deigned to raise her head, but appeared abandoned to sadness, and overwhelmed with sorrow and despair.

The Sultan, awhile, viewed her with admiration. The beauties of her transcendent form and countenance outshone the charms of her companions around her, as the silver beam of the luminary of night dims the lustre of the host of heaven. Her grief added the divine and inexpressible grace of sensibility. Her inattention to the presence of her sovereign had also its effect; and, instigated at once by admiration and curiosity,

fity, he gave her the signal to attend him to a private apartment.

When there, he thus addressed her :—" I perceive that you are agitated by anxiety and fear ; imagine not, fairest creature, that you are fallen into the power of some ferocious and irrational animal, eager to gratify its passion, and regardless alike of justice and generosity. While I survey the beauty which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon you, I feel myself restrained by a secret awe, from violating the most lovely of her works, and excited by an irresistible impulse to employ my power to promote your happiness, and change your grief into joy. Speak to me, therefore, with confidence : unfold to me your whole history, and disclose your whole soul. I swear, by our Prophet, that in me you shall find, not a violator, but a friend and protector. Most unworthy were I of my power and exalted station, were it possible that I should see you even appear to suffer, and not enquire the cause, or, knowing that you had cause for sorrow, not endeavour to redress your wrongs, or soothe your affliction, as far as in my power. Again, therefore, I command you, I entreat you, to unfold to me all your story, and all your sorrows. If it is in my power to grant you relief, they are at an end ; if not,

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my heart shall at least sympathize with you in your sufferings."

At this address, the astonished Selima raised her beauteous eyes, which now glistened with hope and esteem; and kneeling before her generous sovereign, she thus began:

"The words of my Lord are reviving to his sorrowful handmaid, as the dew of the morning to the rose of Erivan. They instil consolation into my heart, and open my lips to declare my griefs:—I was born, far from the splendors of your court, in the fruitful plains of Circassia, and passed the morning of my life in chearfulness and simplicity. My heart was a stranger to care or ambition, and acquainted only with the sweet enjoyments of friendship and affection. I was the delight of my fond parents, and they were mine. Unrestrained by the more rigid custom of the east, as I was not born to riches or honours, I and my companions bounded over the smiling meadows as the gazelles traverse the extensive plains. In these excursions I frequently saw Sadak, a youth of my country,—a youth, in his person blooming, as the newly opening flower, and in his manners generous as the bounty of heaven.—Sadak, who preserved the life of my father.

father.—Sadak, who fondly loved me. We were to have been united in the tenderest bonds; but the reputation of my beauty prevented my happiness, by treachery and abused power, I have been brought to your seraglio. How often have I cursed my fatal charms, if indeed I possess them; for Sadak would love me without beauty! If ever I regain the tranquillity of my former life,—if ever I am restored to true happiness,—it must be the effect of your boundless generosity. The beauty of the Houris of Paradise is the due of my Lord: but the woman who can no longer command her heart ought not to receive his attention.”

“Excellent creature,” exclaimed the Sultan; “monarchs, wanting a treasure like thee, are indeed poor. Yet shalt thou be restored to the simple happiness thou hast wisely chosen; nor shalt thou be separated from that youth whom thou hast honoured with thy praise and invaluable affection.”

Scarcely had the Sultan left the seraglio when he was informed that a youth, apparently of no very high rank, had demanded to see him, alledging that he had something to communicate of the utmost importance, which he would not confide
to

to any other person. The Sultan immediately gave orders that he should be admitted.

The youth entered, kneeled before the sovereign of Persia, and thus addressed him :—" May the monarch, whose beneficence is equal to his power, long sway the sceptre over a happy and grateful people. But royal beneficence cannot extend to all, and power is too frequently abused. May his sublime majesty condescend to hear my complaint. Your officers, acting without your knowledge, have acted unworthy your high character. They have carried away, by treachery and force, the beautiful flower of our country, the delight of her fond parents, the joy of the fond eyes of her lover :—Selima, the beautiful, the unrivalled Selima, is in your seraglio : I know she is there unwillingly : restore her, O ! restore her, most gracious sovereign !" " Youth," replied the Sultan, " knowest thou what thou askest ? Selima is more lovely than the Houris, and wisdom and tenderness are enthroned in her heart."

" I know it well," replied the petitioner : " I have also heard of the justice, the generosity, and the magnanimity of the illustrious Shah Abbas."

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"But why," replied the Sultan, "are monarchs raised above others, but to chuse their pleasures, and to have their enjoyments preferred to those of their subjects?"

"The true pleasure of the noble mind, whether of monarch or peasant," replied the youth, "is to do good, to act with justice, and exercise beneficence: every pleasure incompatible with these is unworthy not only of the monarch but the man."

"Your sentiments are generous," replied the Sultan, "and your petition is granted. You shall receive Selima, of whom you appear nearly the equal. Remain at my court, and I will try your abilities in some employment."

Thus was Selima restored to Sadak: they were united and happy; and the Sultan, after having tried the fidelity and abilities of the youth in offices of inferior importance, advanced him by degrees, until he became his confidential favourite, and one of his principal ministers, rewarded by a continual accession of wealth and honours,—of wealth, which he liberally expended for the good of the country at large,—and honours, which

envied him; and his inferiors sought his patronage, in preference to that of princes. All were astonished at his magnificence, and all united in pronouncing him *happy*.

But Hassan was an instance that the estimates of mortals are generally erroneous. On a sudden, an extreme languor possessed him. He found not pleasure among his women; retired from the banquet disgusted; and heard the voice of adulation unmoved. Music could no longer lull him to repose; he was absent by day, and restless by night. In vain he affected the alacrity of cheerfulness; for his countenance displayed the settled gloom of melancholy and dissatisfaction.

In this disposition of mind, reclined on his sofa, he was ruminating on the uncertainty and subtilty of happiness, when he was alarmed by a violent clap of thunder, and in a moment a supernatural form stood before him.

“Hassan,” said the spirit, in an encouraging tone, “attend! I am the Genius of Instruction; the bountiful and omniscient Alla has seen thy dissatisfaction, and has permitted me to direct thee in thy search after happiness. Mark well what is before thee!”

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A plain, bordered on each side by a thick wood, and enchantingly diversified with fruit-trees and flowers, was extended to his view ; so large, that a temple at the farther end was scarcely discernible, to which a numerous quantity of children, who instantly made their appearance, were directed by a venerable personage ; and warned against turning out of the path, or stopping by the way, excepting to refresh themselves with the fruits or flowers growing immediately on its borders ; which they were allowed to do, as the journey was both long and fatiguing, in consequence of bogs and brambles frequently obstructing the way.

The majority, however, instead of attending to the injunction, dispersed at random over the plain, amusing themselves with flying kites, catching butterflies, blind-man's buff, leap frog, hunt the slipper, and many other juvenile sports. Some gathered nosegays, while others culled the most beautiful flowers to ornament their hair ; and some greedily devoured the various fruits, while others filled their pockets with them. Many, nevertheless, seemed to obey the command given them. But the greater part of these were seduced from the path, at various stages of the journey : some, to go over to former companions ; others, attracted by the luxuriant appearance of some particular species

species of fruit, or the variegated tints of a glaring flower: and few, indeed were they who reached the temple. These had scarcely entered, when from the two woods rushed out a large troop of beasts of prey, while the air darkened with innumerable descending vultures and every other description of carnivorous birds. They immediately attacked the juvenile multitude; who, defenceless as they all were, fled every way to avoid them. A few took refuge in a miserable hovel, on the right side of the plain; and many sought the woods, whither they were instantly pursued. Of these who could not escape, some were left dead on the plain; others shockingly mangled, on whom the birds and smaller beasts began immediately to glut their carnivorous appetites, while the larger beasts dragged their unfortunate victims into the woods, to devour them, at leisure, in their dens.

“What means,” exclaimed the astonished Hassan, “the scene before me?”—“What thou hast seen,” replied the Genius, “is a picture of human life; the plain is the world, and the children are its inhabitants. The temple to which they were directed by the sage, Wisdom, is that of Virtue, the only residence of Happiness; and the hovel, from whence there is a subterraneous passage

passage into the temple, the abode of Repentance. Happiness is the universal hope of mankind ; yet, like the little children who disobeyed the command given them, they perversely seek it in the rounds of folly, and the gratification of sense : thence the various cares and diseases represented by the birds and beasts of prey, which render life a burden to some, destroy it in others, and impel many to wander in the horrid woods of madness and despair. Such has been thy pursuit after happiness. Then industry was prompted by the hope of gain, and the desire of riches, for the purposes of sensuality ; vanity has made the profuse, and thou hast extended thy patronage to obtain the despicable incense of servile adulation. The countenance of princes, and the homage of the herd, at first inflated thy little mind ; and novelty made thee experience a deceitful satisfaction. But the charm is removed ! thy senses are palled with excess ; adulation is become familiar ; and thou hast reaped nothing from the company of the great, but the envy of those with whom it was thy interest to have preserved a confidence. Thou hast flatterers without friends, and plenty without enjoyment ; hence melancholy lowers on thy countenance, and discontent preys on thy heart. Know, then, whatever is undertaken without a view of promoting

moting the interests of virtue, must necessarily end in disappointment and chagrin. Such is the moral to be drawn from the scene thou hast contemplated: be wise, observe it, and be happy."

Here the Genius withdrew, in a blaze of effulgence; and the sun-beams, at that moment playing on the eyes of Hassan, awaked him from his profitable vision.

He prostrated himself in grateful adoration before the indulgent Alla; conformed his life to the precepts of the Genius; and enjoyed, to a good age, the felicity which he had been told it would produce, and which will seldom or never fail to result from an uniform adherence to similar pursuits.

ANECDOTE

KITTY CLIVE and Quin were invariable green-room foes: whether he had met with a rebuff in paying his addresses to her in the juvenile part of his life, or whether this antipathy arose

arose from spleen and dramatic jealousy, we cannot determine. One night Quin, who had been gormandizing at a turtle feast, fell fast asleep in the fettee, and snored so outrageously, that he might be heard across the stage, in one of Kate's most favourite airs. Upon her return she made heavy complaint of the ill treatment she had received from him, and concluded with advising him to take a stall in the next stable he met. "Madam, (said Quin,) I advise you to take a lodging at the next gin-shop; and though you breathe it at every pore, it need not be known to all the neighbourhood, how often your maid went with the snug bottle, to the nominal wine-vaults, but real gin-shop."

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

"ONCE more we tread on English ground," said the young Baron De Courcy, to his friend Carleton, as they stepped from the vessel which had brought them from the Continent. "From hence the castle of Lord Palmerton is some eight or ten miles distant; for which place, after having taken a little refreshment, I will shape

shape my course, while you pursue your way to London. There, as I am by letter informed, lives the lovely widow of Ridley's deceased lord; to whom, in obedience to the commands of her father, she gave her hand—her heart, if I may trust the flattery of words, was wholly mine."

"This sudden desertion of Italia's shores, then," said Carleton, "is to receive in the fair one's breast the smothered flames of love?" "Even so, my friend. And tell me what there is to oppose the completion of my wishes. Elinor once loved me, and perhaps still breathes a sigh for him who so long has mourned a disappointed passion. Lord Palmerton was a stranger to the affection I bore his daughter, and in giving her to Lord Ridley was innocent of the violence he did to her inclinations. But come, let us enter this inn, and recruit our exhausted spirits."

The union of Lord Ridley with Elinor, was the reason of De Courcy's leaving England; and the dissolution of that tie urged his return. His arrival at the castle was extremely acceptable to Lady Ridley; who, having passed her year of mourning, had for some time been pestered with the addresses of Ludlow, Lord Ridley's brother,
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who was passionately fond of her, and though conscious of the illegality of his passion, found it too violent to be subdued by reason.

Lord Palmerton, who till now had been a stranger to the attachment of De Courcy to his daughter, assented to the Baron's solicitations; and, in a conversation with Elinor, found De Courcy's information confirmed. At the same time, he learned, that her marriage with her deceased lord, was in obedience to his commands, and not from any inclination of her own.

Ludlow finding his hopes thus disappointed gave a loose to rage, and swore revenge against his rival. In this frame of mind, he met the cousin of Lady Ridley, the wily Evelina: who cherishing in her breast a hopeless passion for De Courcy, took advantage of Ludlow's weakness, and by dark and distant hints, raised in his perturbed mind suspicions dishonourable to Elinor's virtue. She knew his credulous and unsuspecting nature would listen to the invidious tale; and, while his mind was racked by passion, would prosecute any plot, that was likely to prevent the union of the young widow with the Baron. Nor did she doubt that De Courcy might be so far prevailed on to believe the rumour, as to relate

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it to Lord Palmerton, whose pride would take the alarm, and break off the match.

On the success of this infernal scheme she built her hopes of gaining De Courcy for herself. Ludlow's attention to her insinuations was indeed a favourable omen. "You give me hopes," said he, "that this hated union, near as it appears, may yet be prevented. But tell me, Evelina, from whence those thoughts arise that taint her honour with suspicion? What reason have you to think she was false to my brother's bed?"

"You may remember," returned the artful Evelina, "that some three months from your brother's marriage, the Count Orfini, with whom his Lordship became acquainted at Florence, arrived in England."—"I do well remember," said Ludlow, eagerly listening to the treacherous tale.

"The marked attention," resumed Evelina, "which this young lord paid to the wife of his friend, though it escaped the notice of Ridley, I watched with the guarded eye of conscious suspicion. The ill state of your brother's health often confined him to his room; and Elinor and Orfini frequently strayed by themselves to the remotest parts of the plantations which surrounded

rounded the house. Prompted by curiosity, I one morning watched their steps, and followed them to a tuft of trees that formed a small grove on the edge of the park: here I saw them in amorous dalliance. The Count was seated on the turf with Elinor on his knee: one arm was folded round her yielding form; and, while she hung with winning fondness on his neck, and joined her lips to his, Orfini—

“Damnation!” exclaimed the enraged Ludlow. “Here stay thy murdering tale, for every word strikes daggers to my heart. Cursed, perfidious woman! were these wondrous charms, these outward beauties, only given to lure men to ruin, and hide the foul deformity within? By Heaven! her look is innocence itself; and I would have pledged my life that her mind had been as pure, as free from spot or blame, as her matchless form appears. But, see where the unsuspecting lover comes. It were fit that he should know the virtues of his intended bride. Leave me, Evelina; but yet be within hearing, that, should he doubt, you may confirm the tale I mean to give his ear.”

Evelina retired; and De Courcy, with a smile of cheerfulness, saluted Ludlow. “You look
merry,

merry, my lord," said the latter. "My face, Ludlow," replied De Courcy, "is a mirror, wherein all who look may see what passes in my mind. If the surface is polished, clear, and bright, pleasure revels in my breast; if it is sullen, overcast and cloudy, then sorrow rankles at my heart."

"Would that the faces of all mankind were the index to their minds," returned Ludlow; "we then might guard against the designs of knaves. But as it is, my lord, we are often tempted to our ruin by the resemblance of innocence. For instance, a beautiful woman has the appearance of innocence; she appears pure in thought, constant in affection, and yet she may be a very devil in reality. Where shall we find more seeming innocence than the matchless beauties of the widowed Elinor disclose! and yet—"

"And yet—what, Sir?" interrupted De Courcy, his eyes darting rage, and his breast swelling with passion.

"I ask your pardon, my lord," said Ludlow. "I had forgot myself. You are the friend of my brother's wife, and I should do wrong to injure her

her in your esteem." Here Ludlow offered to retire; the impatient De Courcy seized his arm, and held him. "Stay Sir," said he, in a menacing tone; "think not to escape me thus. The man who dares to suspect the virtue of the woman whom I love, shall not escape with impunity; and the wretch who thus loudly taxes her fame, who thus meanly blasts with scandalous envenomed tongue her innocence, has still less claim to forgiveness. Deny what thou hast said; proclaim thyself a liar; or, by the love I bear the dear object of thy foul reproach, thy life shall—"

"What my lord," interrupted Ludlow, disengaging himself from the Baron; "what, I ask, have I said, that I should disown?"

"It is true," said De Courcy "thou hast not yet pronounced the sentence that damns her honour, but thy speech plainly indicates that thou thinkest her false."

"I do indeed, my lord: nay, more—I know it."

"Ha!—know it! But by Heaven, it is a damned falsehood, invented to conceal some black attempt!

tempt ! and thou, its coiner, art the veriest villian my foul ere knew. Draw, caitiff, draw !”

“ You will not find me tardy, my lord,” said Ludlow, drawing his sword, and placing himself in a posture of defence. “ And now, my lord,” added he, “ since you thus urge me to reveal her guilt, I here brand her with a strumpet’s name ; and, but that you may think I dread your sword, I could bring a living witness to prove the fact.”

De Courcy, fully persuaded of his mistress’s innocence, would have proceeded to extremities, had not the entrance of the artful Evelina prevented him. This woman, who, like Ludlow, loved without hope, and careless whom she sacrificed to her revenge, confirmed the assertions which Ludlow, from her instructions, had pronounced ; and recited many “ damning proofs” of Elinor’s incontinence. De Courcy could no longer doubt the infidelity of Lady Ridley ; but flew, with maddening rage, to Lord Palmerton, and proclaimed the baseness of his daughter. Palmerton alarmed for the honour of his child and that of his family, drew on the Baron ; but before they had engaged, Ludlow, having discovered the perfidy of Evelina, whose disappointed
love

love had forged the vicious tale, rushed into the apartment, and declared the charge to be false; and that, urged by his love for Elinor, he had framed it in hopes of preventing her union with De Courcy.

This declaration appeased the wrath of Palmerton, and made happy the noble De Courcy. Instant orders were given to prepare for the nuptials, which Lord Palmerton determined should be celebrated on the morrow; and Ludlow was commanded immediately to leave the castle. This violent and impetuous man, struck with remorse at the atrocity of his conduct, determined to obey the commands of Palmerton, and study to forget his imprudent and illegal passion. On his retreat from the castle, he met again the wily Evelina, whom he reproached for the imposition she had practised on him. Far from denying the falsehood, she lamented that it had not answered the purpose for which it was designed. Her own happiness was lost, and she eagerly sought the destruction of that of her rival. She called Ludlow a cowardly slave, who could tamely stand by and behold the woman whom he loved in the arms of another man; and, by other artful insinuations, urged him to attempt one efficient stroke to prevent the marriage taking place. Ludlow

low again grew desperate at the thought ; and, instructed by Evelina, entered the house at the close of day, and sought the chamber of Elinor, determined to sacrifice her to his rage. Approaching with cautious step, he heard De Courcy pressing the mistress of his heart to forgive the unkind suspicions which he had been taught by the artifices of others to entertain against her honour ; and to sanction, with her assent, the day appointed by her father, for the celebration of their nuptials.

Ludlow, whose passions had been raised to the highest pitch of madness, rushed into the room, and buried his dagger in the fair one's heart. De Courcy drew his sword, to revenge her death ; but Ludlow had already fallen by his own hand. The noise alarmed the family : and, on the appearance of lights, it was discovered that the deceitful Evelina had fallen the victim of her own treachery ; who, by Ludlow, as well as De Courcy, had been taken for Lady Ridley. The entrance of Palmerton and his daughter completed the happiness of the young Baron. Ludlow employed the last remains of life in imploring the forgiveness of Lord Palmerton and the lovers, and in acknowledging the justice of Providence. De Courcy, and his lovely Elinor were, shortly after this

this tragic event, united, and enjoyed many years of uninterrupted bliss, of bliss due to their virtue and their merits.

Hence the reader may learn the fatal effects of violent passion, and apply to his mind the moral which it infers.

THE LIFE OF AGAMUS;

AN OLD DEBAUCHEE.

TO indulge that restless impatience which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received by the public

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and

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afterwards removed me to the University. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the University, even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father always had allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained, by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the University, and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified
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with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that, whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl of about eighteen, just arrived from the country was hired as a chamber-maid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health
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and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded. I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings: but after a few months she found herself with child; a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingatitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants; and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new encumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she entreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop
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in the suburbs ; which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware ; commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country. She reported, that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea ; and that his pay, which she had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her ; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected : her affection for me was too tender and delicate ; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it ; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl, with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I intended to gratify : my visits, therefore, became less frequent : but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After

After the first year, I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some enquiry after her; and soon learnt, that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling, in some degree, the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cupor's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which

which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago, I celebrated my fixtieth birth-day with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were prepared to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child:

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for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with an officious solicitude, asked what sudden illness had seized me ; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained sometime torpid : but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up ; first held her at a distance ; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified ; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret. It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her : she stood motionless a few minutes ; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not

not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes ; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I shall hereafter communicate ; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I proposed to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future : but alas ! of the future a few years only can remain ; and of the past, not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which, by miracle, I have rescued my own ! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young ; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, have been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye ; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the

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prattling simplicity of infancy ; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep ; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived ! and yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me ; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance : but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

The Cruelty of deserting Natural Children,

And the DANGER of

SLIGHT BREACHES OF DUTY.

AGAMUS's ACCOUNT of his DAUGHTER :

Transcribed from her own Words, as follows :

THE first situation that I remember was in a cellar ; where I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers, with a woman who kept

kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted without complaint, and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain, and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence, if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I throve very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage, the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affections and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should
reward

reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight that she treated me with peculiar tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintainance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a chair woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself, by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needle work; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She also gave me some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent clothes. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied ; and and often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But alas ! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost : the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance and protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world indeed was before me, but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew by no art by which I could subsist myself, and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I therefore applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me

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as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker, whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary clothes.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave, who was covered only with rags and dirt, whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and, in short, to do every kind of household drudgery,

drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment, instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of fullness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with snivelling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not be long without a cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently

frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it more encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the clothes which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out; and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least sit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated

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that I might have such clothes as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they would cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish: but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe for the first time expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected that I should alarm the house, she did not repeat the blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply, but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery which

which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

It happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the darkness and smoke of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney, or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but by fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step by a vain attempt to return and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in Saint James's Park,

Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum: and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption for me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke, with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story, to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me: and that, therefore, she was determined

mined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance, I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind ; I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another, without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and

and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, said she, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; "for," said she, "I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I see," said she "that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault." I could only curt'sy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn on my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixed with much invective against my mistress, and much
flattery

flattery to me, with neither of which, the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of flight silk for a night gown, which, she said I should make up as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured or transacted.

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To work, therefore, I went ; my clothes were made and worn ; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person ; and thus was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger, I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay ; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt ; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging ; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me ; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist, without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms ; the visits were

were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning ; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance ; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies, which threw me into confusion, and covered me with blushes ; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and therefore was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among people of fashion, many of those polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it, and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own ; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker ; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I

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was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased, and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor indeed could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me no prospect of success: and as she despaired of exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprise, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent, the morning after I discovered her purpose, the
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talk about my business was renewed; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family, and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

To the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with indignation, astonishment, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered an irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, became careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to sooth me; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed on the first fury of my destruction, but at length it quite exhausted me.

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In the evening, being calm through mere langour and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs, and get into the street without being missed.

Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated, and every one was retired

retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected on my condition: and perhaps it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person, who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in the danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or indeed of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day; my languor increased every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me; but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond, in the rage of wantonness, of drunkenness, or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets, which, being less frequented,

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are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles were weak, and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated, till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched, and though the moment before I wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by the watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground,

ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my clothes were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attention to trivial circumstances, when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he therefore set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from further ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning, and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my intreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder, to look back; and in the morning I was

I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning. "I was scarcely yet sober," he said, "as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dexterous indeed, to have succeeded in that condition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace, and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I
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was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the comparison, and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I therefore desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear; and therefore told the justice who examined her, that "she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and taught me her trade; but that I had always been fullen, mischievous and idle; that it was more than a month since I clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel, fitting my condition; and that she would leave his worship to judge, whether I came honestly by the taudry rags which I had on my back." This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me; it appeared incontestibly,

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that I had deserted my service, and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with clothes, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county, and it was necessary for the present to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to make a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to
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stop an enquiry into her conduct, which she discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found : I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity ; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I therefore intreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour could procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much recommended, and immediately granted ; but as I was going out of the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate.

gate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was therefore turned over to a place called the common side, amongst the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked, but they were overawed by the presence of the task-master, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour; but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom the path of virtue has been strewn with flowers,

flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty, and ease, and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden.

In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment the most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been
implanted

implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root ; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to him who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service ; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the straight way ; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice ; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it ; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

SON-

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skill'd to wear the form we love !
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
 Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom !
 That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom.
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
 Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye !
 Oh strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way,
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.
 Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

IN a dream, I thought myself on a wide ex-
 tended plain. At my left appeared a steep
 and rugged mountain, on the top of which stood
 a temple. The path on my right led into a valley
 so beautiful and flourishing that I conceived a
 strong

strong desire to enter it. The distant sounds of various instruments, wafted to my ears by ambrosial gales, heightened the beauties of the place, and excited in my breast the most pleasing sensations. While I thus attentively listened to these sounds of melody, a female form issued from the valley, and directed her steps towards the place where I stood. As she approached me, I perceived she was most exquisitely beautiful. A robe of roseate hue, in careless negligence, covered her graceful form, the transparency of which displayed the symmetry of her limbs, and heightened the beauty of those charms it was intended to conceal. Her mien was bold and assuming; her unguarding eye spoke pleasure and delight; and her whole deportment was free and unrestrained. With an air of bewitching fondness, she threw her alabaster arms around me; and with a magick voice, thus addressed me—

“Is happiness, fair youth, the treasure which thou seekest? then, fearless, follow wheresoever I lead. Attend my steps, and thou shalt undisturbed range through regions of ineffable delight. No care shall interrupt thy joys; no pain shall reach thy heart; but peace, content, and happiness, be ever thine.” Charmed by her accents,
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and by her matchless form subdued, I prepared to follow the beauteous phantom, when a voice, from some unseen object, arrested my steps; and, turning to learn from whence the sound proceeded, I beheld a nymph arrayed in a snow white vest, with an air of unaffected modesty and majestic step, approaching from the mountain.

“Pause, fatal mortal,” said the fair stranger, with severe and awful dignity, “and ere to the allurements of pleasure thou resignest thyself, hearken to the voice of virtue. Wouldst thou attain the summit of thy wishes, wouldst thou really reach the blest abode of happiness, know, that the path by which thou must ascend, is steep and rugged, and only to be maintained by pain, by toil, and by perseverance. The timorous and indolent, the base and pusillanimous, in vain attempt to gain the bright reward, which Virtue, on the good, the generous, the brave, alone bestows.

“Hearest thou, sweet youth,” said the syren Pleasure, “what dangers, toils, and perils, thou must undergo, to reach the ideal pleasure of this austere dame! Heed not her precepts, but follow me. In my arms repose thy weary form, and

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lull thy cares to rest. The flowery paths through which I will conduct thy easy steps harbour no dangers, conceal no perils, to interrupt thy pleasing progress, nor dash with bitterness the current of thy joys. With me dwell blifs, delight, and everlasting pleasure.

“ Yet stay, mistaken youth,” indigent Virtue cried; “ and hear my friendly admonitions. Within yon smiling valley, tempting to the view of inexperienced youth, dwells guilt, disease, and pain. There myriads of thy wayward race, won by the false blandishments of Pleasure, drink of the cup of wretchedness; and view, with fond and lingering regret, this steep and rugged rock, which once, like thee, they shunned for fancied joys, and imaginary blifs.” Then, waving a rod which she held in her hand, the valley expanded to my view, and exhibited a group of wretched objects, composed of either sex, whose emaciated forms, and ghastly looks, pourtrayed the misery into which intemperance had plunged them. Struck with horror at the sight, I turned to my guide; and falling in her arms, implored her protection from the artifices of Pleasure. With transport the heavenly maid clasped me to her swelling breast; and as I gazed on her face,

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new beauties rose to view ; and that severity of aspect which at first struck my soul with dread and awe, was now softened by a pleasing smile.

The veil of error thus drawn from my eyes by the hand of sage Experience, the syren Pleasure, the bewitching beauty, whose dazzling charms misled my understanding appeared in her native form. The sparkling lustre of her eye was extinguished, the crimson of her cheek was faded, every charm was vanished ; and all that before appeared beautiful was now turned to foul deformity.

This sudden transformation impressed more forcibly on my mind the dangers I escaped ; and turning to address my guardian genius, with the effort I awoke, and the vision vanished : but I will cherish, with increasing fondness, this allusion ; and by its remembrance fortify myself against the insinuations of every vice, however spacious the appearances under which they may court attention.

SIR

SIR PHILIP MORDAUNT.

SIR PHILIP MORDAUNT was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of his king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came; tasted the entertainment; but was disgusted, even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing, (cried he to himself), what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us, the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and serve that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

SIR

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ANECDOTE OF CASSANDER.

CASSANDER was one of the greatest geniuses of his time ; yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being, by degrees, driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured, at last, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him ; “ If God (replies he,) has shewn me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter ?” But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality : “ Let me entreat you, (continued his confessor;) by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your Father, your Maker, and Friend.” “ No, (replied the exasperated wretch); you know the manner in which he left me to live ; and, (pointing to the straw on which he was stretched,) you see the manner in which he leaves me to die !”

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THE ADVANTAGES OF PATIENCE.

EXPECTATION is the buoy of life; but we often retard, and sometimes entirely frustrate the success of our endeavours, by our impatience in the pursuit. Impatience distracts the mind, sours the temper, and emaciates the body. It counteracts the best concerted schemes of prudence, and renders all her operations ineffectual. So far from accelerating the happiness we wish for, it often anticipates, sometimes creates misfortunes.

Though this disposition of the mind is the very reverse of idleness, yet it often ends in a total inactivity.

We are all alike subject to various disappointments; but we are not all equally prepared to sustain the shock they occasion. Eager tempers are always immoderately affected; and, though some by the help of philosophy, are able to withstand repeated attacks, yet, in general, they are too apt to succumb and fall into a lethargic inertness.

Because they cannot attain the end they pursue, and enjoy the full extent of their inordinate wishes,

wishes, they devote themselves to sloth, and will seek after nothing.

Thus one extreme produces another, and impatience gives birth to indolence. To live with ease and flourish with prosperity, we ought to blend them together ; and neither be too hastily solicitous in pursuit of darling acquisitions, nor despondingly dejected at the adverse checks of ill-fortune.

Those who are impatient in adversity are greatly to be pitied ; for it requires more than common fortitude to sustain the weighty pressure of misfortune's load ; but they who enjoy all the conveniences of life, and are only anxious for an increase of prosperity—they are to be despised.

But men, ungrateful for the past, unthankful for the present, live only upon visionary hopes of future enjoyments.

It argues a weak and restless spirit to bewail the present hour as insupportable ; for, however heavy our uneasiness may be, it will become easier to support, when we reflect on the situation of others, whose condition is equally, if not more to be lamented.

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If it is weak to indulge in grief and be impatient, when we labour under real calamities—surely it is impious to bemoan our fate in the lap of good fortune ; and, through the wantonness of felicity, pine in imaginary blifs.

To assuage the misery we endure, we should carry our thoughts beyond ourselves, and reason comparatively, by considering their state who suffer more grievous hardships. To set a true value on the happiness we enjoy, we should confine our thoughts at home, and learn to prize the portion we possess, without envying others their greater share.

Envy is commonly occasioned by our mistaking the condition of others, which leads us to undervalue our own. If we were thoroughly sensible of the inconveniences attending the eminence our wishes soar to, we should find, that what draws our emulation rather deserves our pity.

To judge of our present circumstances by comparison, though it is particularly serviceable to the afflicted, yet it might be of use even to the fortunate ; and, as it relieves the distress of the former, so it may confirm and increase the felicity of the latter. But men, on whom Providence
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has bestowed the means of living at ease, create themselves anxiety ; and, whenever they examine their own condition in a relative light, they do not look down on such as enjoy less than themselves, but still invidiously elevate their eyes towards those who possess more. This canker of the mind often begets that restless impatience which corrodes our peace. We lose the relish of what we have, by coveting what we do not want.

We do wrong to arraign Providence of partiality, and complain of unequal distributions. It is through our ignorance, that we lament an imaginary inequality. If the proud Peer is pampered in all the luxury of ease, the humble peasant is blessed with all the vigour of health. If the pride of the one is gratified with riches and honours, the un aspiring soul of the other remains satisfied without such splendid distinctions, and is free from the torment of ambition.

Wealth and titles always obtrude upon our narrow view, and even stand foremost in our visionary scene of happiness. For these the eager multitude prefer their petitions ; and these Providence often confers on the meanest of the

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pressing throng, to intimate of what vile estimations are the things we pray for.

But few can read its secret lessons. Those who can, know that Providence is just and uniform. They are sensible that content, its choicest gift, is the reward only of the virtuous. Such alone deserve, and on such only it bestows the divine blessing.

Its other gifts deals as it were in mockery, and mortifies the unworthy by gratifying their wishes.

These reflections make the wise patient in adversity, and moderate in prosperity; they consider each extreme as trials of their virtue, and from hence they acquire that fortitude of mind, which is neither depressed at the lowest ebb of ill-fortune, nor yet elevated at the high tide of success. Some speculative philosophers confound patience with insensibility; and inconsiderately destroy the merit of the virtue they propose to recommend. They preach an equanimity of behaviour under all the various vicissitudes of life, and direct mortals to preserve the same unalterable countenance and comportment, both in the exquisite sensations

tions of joy, and the severe extremities of torment.

But nature rejects such impracticable doctrine she is susceptible, not only of extreme changes, but even of the slightest alteration. Where she is not, languid apathy deadens her functions; and he merits no commendation, who remains unaffected by her different emotions.

To be insensible of the alternatives of pain and pleasure, is to be more or less than man. The pangs of mind and body will shock our tender frames; but, if we exert our reason, it will enable us to withstand the most sharp and violent attacks.

As mortals, the boldest of us need not be ashamed to betray a sensibility of the various affections of human nature; but we expose the weakness of the soul, and disgrace that immortal part, when we suffer them to triumph over us; and meanly submit to be conquered, without exposing that godlike shield of defence, which will never fail to protect us.

He, who makes vigorous and unwearied resistance, against the passions incident to mankind,
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is endued with patience and constancy : Though he feels their violence, yet, in the end, he will prove himself superior to their force ; and the more severe his sufferings, the more glorious will be his conquest.

ANECDOTE

of the celebrated

MR. HOGARTH.

A Few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled a *Tail-Piece*, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. My next undertaking said Hogarth, shall be the end of all things.

If that is the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the Painter ; there will so replied Hogarth, sighing heavily, and therefore the sooner my business

business is done the better. Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had completed it.

This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things; a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt end of an old musquet; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern, called the world's end, tumbling; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, and the body gone, the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses being dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, and the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened, with the *exiunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

So far so good, cried Hogarth, nothing remains but this, taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. *Finis*, exclaimed Hogarth, the deed

deed is done, all is over.—It is a very remarkable fact, and little known, perhaps, that he died about a month after this Tail-Piece; and it is well known he never again took the pallet in hand after he had finished it.

THE PREVALENCE OF HOPE.

THERE is no passion at once so prevalent and powerful as Hope. Of other propensities, which elevate or degrade mankind; some are peculiar to youth, and others to age; some can only be indulged at stated seasons and particular opportunities, and others require a foundation from which they may spring and gradually unfold themselves into action: but Hope is a passion which suits every condition, and actuates every class of men; and which, in the various and singular modes of operation which it displays, appears to mock those limits by which Providence hath wisely circumscribed the other principles of human industry.

Impelled, it should seem, by this earnest, as it were, of success, the foldier bravely faces the dangers

dangers of the field, and the statesman warily circumvents the intrigues of the closet ; it is this which opens to the gamester the prospect of renovated fortune, and which supports the adventurer through the shifting policy of defeated schemes and detected villainy. It is this, too, which counteracts the inveterate habits, and stifles the most violent suggestions of nature : through which, contrary to the calculations of the most obvious chances, the avaricious man still looks to an increase of property from some remote contingency ; and through which, in the last agonies of a debilitated frame, the old man still cherishes the fond idea of returning health.

This confidence of expectation, and this perseverance of Hope, were most undoubtedly imparted to man, as subservient, under proper restrictions, to useful purposes and rational ends. The misfortunes which indiscriminately afflict the virtuous and deserving, are sometimes too heavy to be endured by the feeble assistance of Reason alone. Human nature is inadequate to the support of calamities of which it can see no end, and of which it cannot indulge itself in the probability of alleviation. Resignation, in this case, becomes despair ; and the misery of despair is too exquisite, experience informs us, to admit of any
cure

cure but what results from remedies of the most violent and dangerous effects. Here, then, it is, that a favourable anticipation of futurity becomes necessary and useful. Too distracted in his thoughts, soberly to compute the means of his situation; and too much burdened already, to bear with patience the result of computation; the scholar of Adversity shuns the slow and impartial inductions of Reason, and gladly reposes on the flattering consolations of Hope.

Such is the influence and utility of this propensity, when measured by the desires, the wants, or the misfortunes of mankind. But admitting it, which we do, as a necessary incentive to enterprize, and a serviceable lenitive in affliction; we are not thereby obliged to admit it as a substitute for activity in the one, or as an apology for idleness in the other. There is, indeed, scarce any propensity more injurious to society, than that of indulging expectations which can never be fulfilled. The superiority of one combination of men over another, whether we consider that combination in an enlarged sense as a nation, or in a more contracted import as a profession, certainly depends on the comparative aggregate of their labours. The use of that man, therefore, to society, is very questionable, who dedicates to the formation of
imaginary

imaginary schemes, and consumes, in the delay of preposterous expectations, that time which should be expended in the exercise of rational industry and substantial employment.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that the delusions of Hope are too powerful and seducing to be resisted by common minds; that men of quick and lively spirits will eagerly embrace, and ardently pursue, any schemes, however visionary and impracticable, which present to the view a wider scope for exertion, and a fairer prospect of success, than the surer and more circuitous road of common application; and that we must change the nature of man, before we can eradicate from it so constituent a principle as that of Hope. Now, considered as containing mere abstract truths, this objection claims, and is entitled to, our most unqualified assent; but, when applied to the point in question, it is purely evasive. As partakers of human misery, we allow, in many situations of life, the advantages, nay, we admit of the necessity of Hope; but we contend, that in imputing folly and injury to the behaviour of those men who rely too implicitly on its promises, we are perfectly justified by the consequences. Let those who constantly proportion their expectations to their wishes, compare the instances in which

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their hopes have been realized, with those in which they have failed ; and then, if in defiance of this unanswerable calculation, they still persist in indulging ideas which can only be disappointed, their pretensions, if they raise any, to the character of prudent men, may provoke our surprize, but can never obtain our sanction. If, indeed, those men who, in the pride of confident sagacity, boldly ascribe errors to the moral government of the world, and triumphantly endeavour to exemplify those errors in the unequal distribution of good and evil ; if such men would attentively consider this point, they would discover, that many of the afflictions of which they complain, are rather negative than positive evils, and are, in fact, rather the necessary disappointments of inordinate wishes, than the undistinguishing impositions of actual misery. Virtue is ever respectable, and generally rewarded : but, if the virtuous man rates his services too high, and voluntary amuses his imagination with idle dreams and visionary prospects, shall the general order of human affairs be interrupted, in order that individual tranquillity may rest undisturbed ?

In short, Hope is a passion which, under reasonable bounds, contributes in a great measure to the enjoyments and happiness of life ; but
which

which, beyond those bounds, never fails to superinduce the anguish and vexations of disappointment. Assured, then, of this; let us, with laudable moderation, apply it as an active principle to objects of obvious importance: no longer engaged in fanciful speculations, and no longer seduced by exorbitant hopes; let us fix our wishes, and consequently our expectations, where they will ultimately be fulfilled with satisfaction to ourselves, and utility to mankind.

A WISE OBSERVATION.

WHEN old Dioclesian was called from his retreat, and invited to resume the purple, which he had laid down some years before, "Ah, (said he,) if you could see those fruits and herbs at Salona, which I cultivate with my own hands, you would never talk to me of empire."

ON

ON FRAUD AND RETALIATION.

WHEN the man of benevolence and humanity suffers, as he too often doth, by fraud and imposition, our indignation is very deservedly excited at the rascal who takes that advantage of the goodness of the heart, which he would, perhaps, in vain have besought from any weakness in the head, of the person on whom he means to impose.

Frequent instances of imposition do, indeed, manifestly tend to restrain and check not only the benevolence of the persons of whom the advantages are taken, but also that of others who chance to be witnesses of such imposition.

Nor is this the worst consequence of fraud and imposition, practised by the rascally upon the honest part of the community; for, although all acknowledge the excellency of that admirable precept of “doing as they would be done unto;” yet are most very much inclined to make a small variation in the reading of the divine command, and, instead of “doing as they would be done unto,” to “do as they are done unto.”

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This cannot indeed be defended upon the strict rules of morality ; but mankind are somehow, most exceedingly inclined to consider the community in an aggregate light ; and a man even of a naturally honest disposition, who hath often suffered by the imposition of some, doth in general feel a small inclination to make reprisals on others of the community. This is so much the case that the French have a proverb, chiefly indeed used in reference to gaming, but capable most certainly of very general application—"That he who begins by being dupe, finishes by being rogue."

But although honest men are too often cheated by those who are not so honest as themselves, yet such is the retribution of Divine Providence, that this is much more often the case of the knave than it is that of the honest man. Were we inclined to select a character for the subject of imposition in any transaction, we should certainly look out for one whose object we should suppose it would be to impose ; for (exclusive that the consideration that the person whom you have cheated would have cheated you, if it had been in his power, converts robbery, as it were, into a fair war, and gives that sanction to injustice which we often see injustice take no small pains to obtain)

obtain) we should look upon ourselves as in much more likelihood of success in our aim, when dealing with one of an acute, tricking, over-reaching, in short, dishonest, than another of a fair, open, candid, and honest disposition; as influencing, those most intent upon assaulting their adversaries, lay themselves the most open to a home-thrust; whilst those, indeed, who like Pistol, consider the world as their oyster, but who chuse rather to use wit than steel to get at the fish, confine their operations to persons of a similar disposition; we cannot say that we feel any very ardent desire of disturbing them in their vocation, and indeed so well versed are those gentry in common in human nature, that we generally see their attacks pointed at the very persons who are according to our ideas the most easily, and, at the same time, the least unjustifiably, imposed upon.

Thus we find those respectable personages of either sex, who travel about the country, under the idea of being people of great estates; but which they are kept out of, according to the old phrase, by the right owners; and who are in want of only very small assistance to raise both themselves and those who will be so far their own friends as to afford them such assistance, to the
pinnacle

pinnacle of affluence, generally apply to those amongst the country people who are most esteemed by their neighbours and by themselves for discernment and sagacity, and that such their well-judged applications very seldom fail of success. The usual plan also of those gentlemen who labour in the vocation of money-droppers about this town, is to pick out for their intended dupe some one who has no small opinion of himself, whom they persuade to join with them in a plan to cheat their own gang, who assumes the garb of folly for the occasion. It is, indeed, so almost constantly the case upon these occasions, that he who goes home shorn, came with the intent of shearing, that we have, when present at the trials of persons accused of such offences, had our doubts whether the jury ought to convict the man whose ability has made him triumph over equal rascality.

We are, indeed, no small admirers of the *lex talionis*, and much delight in the punishment of offences without the intervention of the law, or which the law hath not adverted to. Of the latter kinds are those frauds which persons of the turn we have been adverting to, very often attempt to practise upon the liberal professions, such as the endeavouring to steal the advice of the
 physician

physician or the lawyer, in the course of accidental conversation. The former is commonly obliged to parry these attempts with as much decency as possible, as the consequences which might attend any attempt at punishment might perhaps be rather more serious than would be wished to be inflicted.

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. SHENSTONE.

WHEN a certain popular Preacher was travelling on his mission through the country, they were one evening nearly benighted on the Birmingham road, near Hales-Owen. As they walked on, they saw an object, amidst the woods, on the edge of the hill, which, upon inquiry, they were told was called *Shenstone's Folly*. This is a name, which, with some sort of propriety, the common people give to any work of taste, the utility of which exceeds the level of their comprehension.

As they ascended the hill, through a shady lane, they observed a Gentleman, in his own hair,
giving

giving directions to some labourers who were working beyond the usual hour, in order to finish a receptacle for a cataract of water; a glimpse of which appeared through the trees on the side of the road. As Mr. W—d and his friend, partly out of curiosity, and partly to take breath, made a little pause, the Gentleman turned his face towards them, when Mr. W—d immediately discovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the celebrated Mr. Shenstone, whose place began to be frequented by people of distinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taste, Mr. Shenstone had improved, and exhibited to so much advantage: and this had discovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modesty, would otherwise probably have been buried in solitude and obscurity.

Mr. Shenstone soon recollected his old academical friend and associate; and with that warmth of benevolence for which he was so remarkably distinguished amongst those that knew him, insisted upon his staying, that night at least, with him at the Leasowes; which invitation Mr. W—d was sufficiently inclined to accept.

As they passed towards the house, Mr. Shenstone pointed out to his friend many of the beauties of his place. He showed him his cascades, which were so deservedly admired, and the reservoirs they supplied; the prospects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, statues, and his admirable inscriptions. He mentioned several people of the first quality, and what Mr. Shenstone valued more, of the first taste, who had done him the honour to visit his place: and particularly he informed him, “that he expected Lord D—tm—h, and some other company, the very next day; on which account he had been inspecting his reservoirs, got his walks cleaned out, and made the men work so late in order to finish the cataract, where his friend had first seen him.”

As Mr. W—d knew the elegance of Mr. Shenstone's taste, he could not but add his suffrage to those of the rest of the world, in admiring his place; and observed, “that, doubtless, the pleasures we receive from gardens, woods, and lawns, and other rural embellishments, were the most innocent of any *amusements*; but then we should consider them as *amusements* only, and not let them engross too much of our attention; that we ought to spiritualize our ideas as much as possible; and

and that it was worth while to inquire, how far too violent a fondness, for these merely inanimate beauties might interfere with our love of God, and attach us too strongly to the things of this world.

This gave Mr. Shenstone an opportunity, in his turn, of combating his friend's enthusiastic notions, who (he found by his own account) had deserted the station in which his own choice, and his mother's approbation, had fixed him, to fall forth and preach the Gospel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had suggested, and which a romantic view of converting sinners at large, had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, supped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool tankard, and spending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had spent together in the University, Mr. Shenstone shewed his friend into an elegant bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taste, and wished him a good night.

As soon as Mr. Shenstone rose in the morning, he went up to his friend's apartment to summon him to breakfast; when, to his surprize, he found
both

both him and his companion departed, without taking leave of him, and upon Mr. W—'s table was left the following letter :

“ My good Friend,

“ I am called hence by the spirit : in the visions of the night it was revealed unto me. I must own, that, like the good Publius, you have received and lodged us courteously ; and my bowels yearn for your salvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid you have fet up idols in your heart ; you seem to pay a greater regard to Pan and Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You have forsaken the fountains of the living Lord, and hewn you out cisterns, broken cisterns, that will hold no water. But my conscience beareth testimony against this idolatry. Bel boweth down ; Nebo stoopeth. I have delivered my own soul, and will pray for your conversion.

“ I am

“ Your brother in the Lord,

“ G. W.”

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenstone ; but, going out to view his principal cascade, he soon discovered

discovered the mystery ; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauses that were bestowed on his good taste in laying out his place, had forced open his sluices, and emptied his reservoirs, so that in a literal sense, his cisterns *could hold no water*, nor his cascades make any great figure that day ; and, what was more distressful, he had thrown down a leaden statue of the Piping Fawn, from its pedestal, which was a damage that could not easily be repaired before the arrival of his illustrious guests.

Mr. Shenstone was a little provoked at the first discovery of this incident ; but upon reflection, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceedings ; and thought the singularity of the adventure would afford his guests as much entertainment, as a greater flash from his cascades, or, as viewing his place in more exact order.

THE GOLDEN NAIL.

AN ALCHEMICAL TALE.

THURNISSERUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper
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was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchemy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the *literati*, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron and the other gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common *aqua fortis*. Then, sending a servant to a shop for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy piece of legerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor: a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the *aqua fortis* immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round

round to all the company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw the liquor away, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life ; but: all the entreaties in the world never could get him to make any more gold.

TURPITUDE *and* INFAMY *of* BETRAYING PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications ; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty ; and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them,

them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particularly affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired; and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings,

ings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, formed society, and without which, society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which, all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity.

He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to request the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful en-

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gines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him : and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries ; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth ; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices ; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an Informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the
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badness of the mind, and indeed I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers what malignity propagates; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge: he appears restless and
full

full of doubt for a considerable time ; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets ; till at last one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, " stealing and giving odours." In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged ; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident, that he only communicated it to one person.

" A report," says Strada, " thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house ; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream." And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the street, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON THE

Inconveniences of Narrow Criticism.

WHEN men are habituated to the study of the fine arts, to the reading of elegant authors, and to receive these delicate impressions of beautiful imagery which the hand of genius alone can stamp, and the nicer traits of which congenial minds alone are capable of perceiving, their taste, in proportion as they advance, becomes refined : what once excited their admiration serves but to provoke their criticism. Performances which have been regarded with a degree of enthusiastic rapture, are exposed to ridicule; and they look down with a kind of self-applauding risibility on what they once thought the strongest efforts of the human mind. It is a truth which few are willing to acknowledge, yet every one feels, that men receive their greatest, if not their only happiness from vanity. Vanity hinders them from owning it. To this alone can we attribute the excessive propensity which we hourly find in men to depreciate the performance of others; but more especially among those who exercise the same professions. It is likewise a truth, that

that when we discover any real or imaginary beauty in any work, there is more applause, however we may deceive ourselves, bestowed upon our penetration, than upon the author. The triumph of self-love is far more exulting, when we gain an opportunity of finding fault : our criticisms too often, especially among the half-initiated, are expressed by contempt : experience only can correct the mistakes of vanity. Zoilus no doubt imagined himself superior to Homer, consequently to all mankind. Dennis was too incorrigible to be lashed, or laughed out of his imaginary consequence. Let us beware of falling into the same errors. Hasty criticisms are frequently false ones. In proportion as the means of acquiring knowledge becomes more general, false critics increase ; and we too frequently hear all pretensions to merit denied to those performances where the name of the author cannot insure success.

Works of genius under this disadvantage, are buried for a time. The herd of mankind are incapable of judging or thinking for themselves ; but, like parrots, prate as they are taught. It is said that true genius is generally conscious of its own superiority ; and every petty scribbler will confirm the observation.

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Altho' I believe it to be impossible for a great mind to remain utterly unacquainted with its own superior powers, yet that very vanity which at one time serves as a spur to impel the mind forward, becomes at another a curb. The dread of doing wrong acts very powerfully on those who clearly perceive how very hard it is to do right.

To be taken no notice of, is as painful to that greedy desire of praise, which is always an attendant upon genius, as to be found fault with; nay more so, for in the latter case it finds a resource: genius gains an opportunity of displaying itself by vindication. It is worth our while to enquire how it happens that the human mind is seen to expand and enlarge its powers during some remarkable periods; and why it is constantly observed to contract itself within its usual limits, from whence nothing but the utmost degree of emulation can rouse it.

There were, no doubt, a chain of causes, which all contributed to the production of all these great performances which have dignified particular times, and which reflects so much honour on the extensive faculties of the mind. Among the most powerful of these we may place an universal disposition to admire, among the people for

for whose instruction or amusement these performances were intended, a propensity likewise among the authors to do each other justice : for when men of known, or supposed abilities, are heard recommending a work, every pretender to criticism is eager to speak from his authority. Nothing can be so powerful an incentive to a great genius to excel any former production of his own, as to hear that production praised. He can always discover blemishes in his own works : he imagines he can always surpass them.

Praise is the food of the mind, and when administered in a proper medium, renders it healthful and strong. To find yourself enraptured at the perusal of those great works of genius which have received the universal suffrage of mankind, and to emulate them in imagination, are noble signs ; to look up despondingly at them is the reverse. The dormity of superior genius, particularly in works of imagination, may therefore, in a great measure, be imputed to the great number of pretended critics, and the great scarcity of real ones.

Books are become so general, and Magazine and monthly critics of all kinds so plentiful, that almost every man who reads is a critic, and every
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body reads now, more or less. The discovery of faults meets with far more encouragement than the pointing out of beauties. The reason lies, as I observed before, in vanity. The mind is flattered by being capable of discovering error, and immediately claims a superiority. To find fault is a much easier task likewise, than to bestow just praise ; hence critical authors are become far more industrious in the search after blemishes than beauties. Writers now are little more than compilers, invention is almost totally neglected, altho' genius never had before so many materials. When authors engage themselves now in works of imagination, they have so many dry rules to observe, which like a large rod in a school, are hung up *in terrorem*, that invention is in continual dread of the critical birch ; many of these rules too are drawn from authors whose extensive genius was above all rules, except such as nature immediately points out, and who never had the least intention of writing a critical code. The wild and gigantic, yet delightfully pleasing form which imagination used to wear, is dwindled even below the standard of speculative reason : her features are become entirely regular indeed, which is the greatest defect they could have, and which are far more characteristic of physical philosophy than of fancy. Imagination has always

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been

been most prevalent in half-enlightened ages : Homer, Shakespeare, Ariosto, are noble proofs of this truth ; and though her studies are vast, and her steps irregular, they conduct her votaries through every blooming wild, over precipices horribly beautiful, and place them amidst landscapes, which, though frequently tremendous, are eternally variegated, are ever pleasing.

Had Shakespeare worn the critical fetters which are now so plentifully forged to chain down the fancy, we had never been terrified at his ghosts and witches, delighted with his fairies and goblins, nor amazed and diverted at his airy spirits and earth-born monsters. Homer is superior to criticism when describing his Syrens, his Circe, and his Cyclops ; men were then willing to be pleased and amused while they were instructed : they were also willing to praise and admire their instructors,

The throne of criticism is too frequently filled by tyrants and usurpers, who wantonly deal out vengeance either ignorantly, maliciously, or with a narrow and confined mind, and a butchering hand. Let the sons of genius therefore stand boldly forth, and drive those usurpers from that throne which none but the legitimate sons of genius should

should dare approach: let them be eager to render justice to each other: let them try to turn the current of little witticisms and envious detraction, into the bold, free, and clear stream of emulative praise and laudable candour. Let them shew themselves hardy enough to break and shake off those useless shackles with which the numb hand of speculative dulness hath loaded them; then shall we behold the realms of fancy enlarged, even beyond their ancient boundaries: then shall we behold them frisk o'er the lawns among the shepherds, dance by moonlight with the fairies, bound o'er the mountains and shagged rocks, with her various robe lightly waving o'er her antic waist; then shall we view her rise upon her dappled wing, and soar majestic and meand'ring through the milky-way, even to the heaven of heavens, or sink again profound ten thousand thousand fathoms into the remotest territories of chaos and old night.

CONJUGAL HEROISM:

A MORAL TALE.

THOSE who have devoted a great deal of their time to the writings of the most ancient historians of all nations will find, in the earliest
ages

ages of which we have any accounts well authenticated, many shining proofs of conjugal affection: and if they are also admirers of the fair sex, they will not be a little pleased to see several women exhibited in the most favourable colours for their exemplary conduct in the marriage-state. Women, who would have made distinguished figures even in *this* age; in which, though *separations* are numerous, and divorces frequent, there are still wives to be met with, from the court to the cottage, who cannot be too highly extolled for their merit. The *heroine*, as she may be justly called, of the following tale, has not yet been *brought forward* to the public in the manner she deserves; as none of the popular historians, whose works are now in circulation, have mentioned her: but their silence concerning so bright a character in the female world, is no positive proof (though some people may think it a presumptive one) that such a character never existed. Even in our *Histories of England* the names of many illustrious women (illustrious for their virtues, if not for families and fortune) are omitted, which would have done considerable honour to their recording pages; though their actions were not of so brilliant a nature as to be transmitted to posterity; though they did not shine in the *cabinet*, and though they did not distinguish themselves in the *field*; we want
not

not female warriors nor female politicians ; they may dazzle and astonish us by their military achievement, and political abilities, but they must certainly give us more pleasure by acquitting themselves at once with dignity and grace in their domestic apartments: in *them*, they are, without the least approximation to a pun—at home.

During the course of those centuries, in which the Romans, after the expulsion of their kings, made a spirited appearance by their *martial exploits*, and in which many heroes were at the same time remarkable for their *poverty* and their *patriotism*, *Licinius*, a plebian by birth, but justly entitled to the highest patrician honours, by his intimate acquaintance with every branch of legislation, as well as by his military prowess, added to a considerable share of military knowledge, was naturally desirous (from a consciousness of being equally fitted for the *forum* and the *camp*, by his elocution as an orator, and by his courage as a soldier,) to conduct any operation for the glory and advantage of the Republic, and to *stand out* (in the language of painting) in a *masterly manner* ; of convincing his fellow-citizens that he thought himself of too much consequence to be overlooked by them. His *internal* merit was, certainly, considerable ; but there was a *something* in his *external* behaviour

behaviour which, while it sufficiently *marked* him as a *patriot*, rendered him more odious than amiable as a *man*.

This *something* (for want of a better word) was a strong tendency to shew his various powers with a self-sufficient air, and to discover the high sense he had of his own importance, in a stile which denoted ineffable contempt for those before whom he with much vanity displayed them. By this ill-judged behaviour he created himself many enemies, and was always opposed with violence, whenever he attempted to make a push for the first employments in the state; the only employments which flattered his ambition: nor could he ever find friends enough in a contest for the post he aimed at, to bear him through the waves of opposition, to the animating point in view. He was continually unfortunate in all his public undertakings, and never *carried his election*, because he never took the proper steps to secure a majority of votes in his favour. Licinius, after a number of disappointments, finding that he had no chance for a *civic* or a *mural* crown, turned his thoughts towards a lucrative marriage; and he was very much encouraged to adopt this mode of proceeding, by the smiles which a lady of high rank in Rome bestowed upon him, the only daughter

daughter of a Patrician; who plumed himself upon his progenitors, and boasted that the founder of this family was a *Trojan*. This Patrician, inflamed with all the pride of ancestry, was particularly active against a man, whose presumption, he thought, was excessive, though he could not help owning that he had parts under proper management, equal to any thing which he undertook. Licinius, though he was certain of drawing down upon his head the severest displeasure of Matella's noble father, by taking advantages of the overtures she made to him, depended so much upon the force of his paternal affection, that he determined to unite himself to her by the strongest ties.—But before we proceed to the Temple of Hymen with this Roman pair, it may not be amiss to give a sketch of the character of the bride.

Metella was happily formed by nature to charm the eye, and possessed of all the feminine virtues which are the best calculated to make her outward attractions appear with redoubled lustre. The most assiduous connoisseur could not find a material blemish in her person, and she had numberless graces which were irresistible. Her mind had been cultivated with great care, as she had the best of masters of all kinds to superintend her education ;

cation; and the improvements which she made under their instructions, raised her to a superiority over the *million* among her sex, which would have proved extremely offensive to many of her acquaintance, commonly called friends, had she not prudently kept them under before them, that they might not point at her the charge of ostentation; and she behaved with such consummate discretion, that she was praised, even by her own sex, for the modesty of her deportment: and *these* eulogiums were the most pleasing compliments which could have been paid her: but she received them with a chastized satisfaction, which encreased the meritoriousness of her conduct. She had a much nicer part to act with regard to her *father* and her lover. She was in a situation critical beyond expression; and the struggles which she endured, occasioned by her filial duty, and her prepossessions in favour of Licinius, are not to be described. By the severest trials which she had ever experienced, was her gentle bosom now assaulted; and she was for a long time in such a state of agonizing uncertainty, that she knew not how to come to a decision with respect to the very interesting debate carried on in her mind between *duty* as a plaintiff, and love as defendant; both of them were the disputants; and both of them had a great deal to say of their respective opinions.

While

While Metella remained in this state of uncertainty—perplexed—as Othello was, upon another occasion—in the extreme,—a slight incident turned the scale of dubitation entirely in Licinius's favour. Metella having wandered one evening, the finest she had ever seen, with a servant, in some fields belonging to her father's elegant villa, full of reflections on her embarrassing situation, painfully divided between her duty and her love, she was suddenly accosted by a man who had something very savage in his appearance, and, from the roughness of whose first addresses to her, she had reason to expect still more offensive behaviour. She was not alarmed without cause.

Turning from him with horror and affright, she bade her attendant keep close to her, and hurried from him as fast as she could move her feet; but not being able to walk as fast as her pursuer, she was obliged to halt. She then screamed, called upon the goddesses of chastity, the immaculate Diana, to save her from the imminent danger to which her person was exposed. The virgin goddesses heard her prayers, and sent Licinius, her lover, the lord of her heart, to her assistance. At his unexpected, but most welcome approach, all her alarming apprehensions immediately

diately vanished: she no longer dreaded her formidable foe; but, flying into the friendly arms of her Licinius, which were opened to receive her, sunk upon his bosom, at once overcome by her past terrors, and her present tenderness.—At the sight of Licinius the supposed ravisher, who was well acquainted with his valour and who did not chuse to enter into a personal engagement with him of any kind, retreated with precipitation. Licinius, therefore, was left quite at liberty to attend his dear Metella; and being powerfully assisted by her faithful companion, he had soon the satisfaction to see a perfect restoration of her faculties. The interview between them became then more tender—more animated—more embarrassing.—On their near approach to the villa of Metellus, whose parental severity was equally dreaded by them both, the amiable and sincere lovers separated, but not without exchanging vows of perpetual constancy, and mutually assuring each other, that nothing should shake their fidelity, to the preservation of which they had solemnly invoked, as witnesses, all the divinities in their pantheon.

From this time Metella felt her heart so strongly attached to Licinius, that he became the god of her idolatry, and filial duty now held but a secondary

condary place in her enamoured bosom. From this time she resolved to embrace the first opportunity to throw herself under her lover's protection, if he pressed for her consent to be removed from her father's house ; but she could not bring herself to depart so far from her natural delicacy, as to make the first motion for an elopement.—She did not, however, long remain thus delicately distressed. Licinius, impatient to get her into his possession, in a very short time proposed a removal. His request was immediately, though decently, granted ; and all the operations relating to the projected releasement were carried on without being impeded by any considerable interruptions. The most sensible people are too apt, when they are under the influence of their ruling passion, to act with more precipitance than discretion. Licinius and Metella, both of them, had the most respectable understandings ; but they did not, when they schemed the perpetual enjoyment of each other's society ; reflect with due attention on the probable consequences with which the consummation of their wishes would be attended. The ardour of their loves, and the sincerity of their affection, were notorious ; but the prudence of their conduct was extremely questionable—If Licinius had been as intimately acquainted with the character of Metellus as his daughter was, he
would

would not have ventured, perhaps, to risk the full force of his displeasure: and if *she*, who certainly could not be ignorant of the private movements in her father's mind, with regard to her tender attachment, had bestowed the proper degree of consideration upon that *patrician pride*, which strongly marked his character, she would have been still more averse to any measures directly tending to inflame it.

When these two lovers had been united by Hymen, they gave themselves up to the engagements of their conjugal felicity, and were too much flattered by the indulgence of their chaste delights to be apprehensive of a speedy diminution of them. Intoxicated with their nuptial joys, they were not quite prepared for a change of the nuptial scene. In proportion, therefore, to the happiness which they felt from the completion of their desires, was the shock which they received when they heard of the manner in which the resentment of Metellus had operated against them. Licinius, however, when he was informed of his designs by a particular friend, did not wait till they were formally executed in a *senatorial way*: he banished himself from Rome; and as his amiable Metella declared her readiness to accompany him in his exile voluntarily, and compulsive at the

the same time, he quitted the capital without reluctance, and hastened to the place which he had pitched upon for his retreat, without delay.

When Metellus found that Licinius had removed himself from Rome, he was not a little disappointed, though he had taken every step in his power to procure his banishment. It was the operation of his *pride* which prevented him from enjoying the fullest satisfaction from it ; and it was the same pride which excluded all reconciliation between him and his daughter. Frequently did he wish, indeed, in spite of his strong sense of the affront offered to his *family*, to receive *her* whom he had always looked on with the most affectionate eyes ; and frequently were the feelings of the *parent* ready to get the better of the haughtiness of the *patrician* ; but the latter always prevailed in every contest between them, and became at last immoveably firm against his own peace.— From the moment of his daughter's departure from him, he was robbed of all his tranquillity. For his paternal disquietudes he was to be pitied ; but for his pride he was deservedly punished, by every pang which it occasioned.

Licinius and Metella having embarked on board the vessel which was to convey them to the
place

place they had chosen for their residence, till they could return to Rome with more agreeable prospects before them, could not at first help discovering some concern at being obliged to give up all the most agreeable connections ; but they soon reconciled themselves to their situation, by reflecting upon the strength of their mutual attachment ; each of them considering the other as the first object of attention : and each felt, at the same time, that in no part of the world they could be completely wretched, while their conjugal affection and fidelity were unshaken. In this situation they waited with anxiety for the moment of departure from their native country, though not in the manner they wished.

Metellus, as soon as he heard that Licinius had designed to banish himself from Rome, and to convey himself to a distant country, was rather pleased than disturbed by the information ; but when he began to consider that his daughter also was on the point of going into exile with her husband, he was somewhat staggered and perplexed. By an act of disobedience, which, in his estimation, was unpardonable, she had greatly offended him as a parent ; and by uniting herself to a man of low extraction, she had considerably wounded his senatorial pride. Severe, therefore, were the

the conflicts which he endured upon his daughter's marriage, and he actually resolved never to see her again: but the intelligence relating to Licinius's proceedings gave a new turn to his ideas. He then employed a person in whom he thought he could place an unlimited confidence, to separate Metella from her husband; to bring the *former* to *him*, and let the latter remain on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage. By as artful a *manœuvre* as ever was practised for the accomplishment of such a design, Spurius, whom Metellus had employed as his *confidential* friend, *did*, indeed, separate the happy pair, by throwing them into a state of insensibility: but instead of conducting Metella to her father, agreeably to his promise, he put her on board another vessel for *his own use*; and easily prevailed on the master of it, by considerable presents, to direct its course according to his inclination.

By this plan of operation, Licinius and Metella, to their extreme surprize and affliction, were torn from each other; and the sensations which they mutually must have felt upon their being divided, may be conceived by those married pairs who, with similar sentiments, have been in circumstances equally distressful; but even by them they can hardly be described.

Licinius

Licinius had no reason to complain of any of those to whose care he had committed his person : he found in all of them a great readiness to render his voyage as pleasant as possible, by their civilities and attention, which he rewarded with liberality ; yet the kindness he received was insufficient to remove the load which oppressed his spirit, when he thought of his separation from his truly beloved Metella. His uncertainty with regard to *her* fate gave him the most poignant disquietude; and he wearied the *immortal gods* with prayers for her safety, not without intermixing the fervent petitions to be restored to her affectionate arms. The remembrance of past scenes sometimes unmanned him to such a degree, that he could not refrain from bursting into tears : the sight of which melted the hearts of those among his companions, who were not remarkably susceptible of tender impressions :—melted them to compassion.

During the course of the voyage they met a ship belonging to a nation then at war with the Romans, and a fierce engagement ensued. Licinius was rejoiced to see his countrymen triumph, in consequence of their superior valour and address, and made their enemies captives ; but he was pained to find that the ship
had

had received injuries during the vigorous contest which disabled her from proceeding to the spot he had marked for his future residence. She was obliged to stop at an island in the way, to be repaired.

In this island Licinius, though he was at first too much taken up with the peculiar unhappiness of his condition to make any topical remarks, met with so many beautiful prospects, and so much politeness from the inhabitants, that he became almost pleased with his insular situation.

Metella, in her separated state, met with very different treatment. She was in no part of *her* voyage indulged with any consolation to alleviate the pressure of her conjugal griefs; they were piercing, and she had too much reason to believe that they would be permanent. The only consolation she received in her unfortunate circumstances was, *that* which *virtue* always affords her true votaries under the severest trials with which they can be visited.

With all the intrepidity, but without the arts of a professed libertine, Spurius made innumerable attempts to shake the virtue of Metella, to alienate her affections from her husband, and to

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seduce

seduce her to falsify her nuptial vows ; but all his efforts were unsuccessful : her attachment to Licinius was not to be weakened by any thing which he could urge to render her constancy to Licinius questionable. In consequence of the continual firmness of her behaviour to the man whose head teemed with designs detrimental to her reputation, and destructive to her peace, Metella found herself in a state greatly to be pitied, but as she was perpetually on her guard against her *declared* enemy, (his actions were the strongest *inimical* declarations) she effectually prevented him from throwing her into a state to be deplored.

While she was one day exerting herself with particular spirit against the attacks of her persecuting companion, a storm arose, and drove the vessel quite out of the course in which he wished to see it ; and he was soon convinced that he had little or no chance of arriving at that port to which he had been directed. Instead of arriving at that port, he was driven to the very island on which Licinius had been thrown by a disappointment of another kind.

In this island Metella was indeed protected by Spurius, but it was impossible for her to be happy with

with any man but Licinius; and as she despaired of ever seeing him again, she spent the greatest part of her time in solitude, when she was not immediately discomposed by the impertinence of her prosecutor; before whom she always appeared with a melancholy which seemed to be rooted:—it was not, indeed, to be removed by any thing which he could advance in the conciliatory stile.

While she was one day rambling about, not very well knowing whither she went, she found herself imperceptibly in one of the most delicious gardens she had ever beheld. Great was the pleasure which she felt in the midst of her sorrow, from the richness of the scenery around her, from the beautiful variety in the flowering shrubs and fruit-trees, and from the fragrant odours which perfumed the circumambient air. Charmed as she was with the new objects presented to her eyes, and refreshed as she was with the new scents emitted from them, she could not help, however, exclaiming with an audible voice, “Had I my dear Licinius in this delicious situation, I should be the happiest of women; but without him even this paradise will prove unable to—.”

Here

Here she stopped :—the remembrance of past scenes overpowered her ;—she sat down and gave herself up to the tears which that remembrance brought suddenly into her eyes.

In this condition she had not been long before Licinius, having heard his name mentioned in a very tender manner, and in a voice which forcibly struck his ears, as it sounded like the voice of his Metella, hurried to the place from which he thought it proceeded, but fearing, at every step, that his ears had deceived him.

To describe the astonishment and the joy which he felt when he beheld his Metella is not in the power of words : it is equally out of their power to express Metella's sensations when she folded her dearly beloved husband in her fond and faithful arms.

When the first effusions, resulting from their mutual satisfaction, were over, the two lovers, married lovers, related to each other every thing which had happened to them during a situation scarcely supportable ; and they both closed their narratives with the most grateful acknowledgments to the Creator of the world for the happiness

pinefs of the moment. They had only to regret the feverity of Metellus's behaviour, from which all their fufferings had originated. While they were lamenting that feverity, Spurius made his appearance.

Metella started at the fight of him, and clung clofer to Licinius, who, in confequence of what he had heard relating to his unwarrantable conduct, looked sternly at him, and bade him retire, left he might be provoked to a criminal action, by correcting him for it. Spurius, inftead of retiring, or appearing intimidated by the fierceness of his looks and language, threw himfelf on his knees, implored his pardon for all his indefenfibie behaviour to Metella, and with great fervency alfo foliicited her forgivenefs. He then offered his fervice to carry them both fafe to Rome.

Licinius, ftruck with his humility, moved by his intreaties, and pleafed with his concluding offer, direcltly forgave him for what had paffed, and Metella readily followed her beloved husband's example, joined her pardon to his.—Spurius then rofe, and thus proceeded:—"As you have now, moft worthy Licinius, fo freely forgiven me for having divided you from your
amiable

amiable wife, I shall with redoubled pleasure communicate the news which I have just received, for the increase of your felicity. Metellus having discovered, by making the most diligent enquiries, that his daughter was in this island, dispatched a messenger to inform me that I should, on my return to Rome with her, receive a full pardon for the very ill use I had made of the confidence he reposed in me; adding, that if I could by any means, find the place to which Licinius had banished himself, and bring him also to his native country, he should render his happiness complete."

By the communication of this intelligence, Licinius was sincerely delighted, and Metella was overwhelmed by it.—Spurius, soon afterwards, conducted them to the vessel which had drove him to that island, and which had now been sufficiently repaired; and they arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at Rome. At Rome they were received by Metellus with open arms, and from that happy moment met with no interruptions to their conjugal felicity.

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THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON.

THE learned Earl of Northampton being troubled with atheistical suggestions, put them all off this way, viz. If I could give any account how myself, or any thing else, had a being without God; how there came so uniform and so constant a consent of mankind, of all ages, tempers, and educations, (otherwise differing so much in their apprehensions,) about the being of God, the immortality of the soul, and religion; in which they could not likely either deceive so many, or, being so many, could not be deceived; I could be an atheist.

ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

THE BEDFORD FAMILY.

THE late Duke's great-grandmother, wife of the fifth Earl of Bedford, and mother to the excellent Lord Ruffel, died before her husband was advanced to the Dukedom. The manner of her death was remarkable:—She was very accomplished

complished in mind, as well as person, though she was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dissolute Countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her; so that all she knew was their conjugal infelicity, and their living latterly in the same house without ever meeting. Coming one day into her lord's study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of Lord Russel, the Earl being suddenly called away, her eye, it is supposed, was suddenly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, *Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset.* She took it down, and, turning over the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found by her husband dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

THE shortness of time, and the instability of human affairs, form an inexhaustible fund, from whence the moralist and the divine will ever draw cogent reasons for the exercise of virtue,

virtue, and submission to Providence ; yet, if we were to make an estimate by the conduct of most people, we should almost doubt whether these things were not matter of speculation, instead of fact. What anxiety do we see among mankind to provide for their existence on earth ? Not content with what is sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature or moderation, the more Providence is pleased to bestow, the greater is often their cravings after the perishing commodities of this world. Avarito had been what is called an industrious man, whose only study was the accumulation of wealth. By an unwearied labour of forty years, he was enabled to realize the sum of thirty thousand pounds, with which he resolved to spend the remaining years of life in ease and happiness. How soon is the Bable of human blifs demolished ! Scarcely were his affairs arranged, and himself retired from business, when Death, that unwelcome messenger, summoned him to another place, for which it would have been well had he so amply provided. Poor man ! where now are thy riches ? Descended to a prodigal son. He, too, had been long forming speculations of happiness in the riches he should one day inherit. Lorenzo shed a tear at his father's funeral ; but it was the tear of custom—not of affection.—Wretched mortal ! he could not discern

the ills that were in store. One direful night of gaming deprived him of all his treasure; and in a fit of despondency, he terminated his existence.

How blinded is man to his real peace! how eager to entail misery on himself! This should teach us never to repine, because we are not so rich as our neighbour; nor suppose, if we could obtain what we wish, that it would increase our happiness. "A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast;" and if satisfaction is not in the mind, no addition of wealth or honours will ever give it. When we feel too much attachment to this world, let us reflect on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death: these considerations will calm the inordinate desires of the heart, and produce resignation to all the dealings of Omnipotence. Let us all remember we are immortals, destined to exist when the pleasures of time are no more; who must witness the dissolution of Nature itself, and stand before the judgment seat of God—
 "Amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."
 There is not any better remedy for ambition, than reflections of this nature. It would have been well for mankind, if many conquerors
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whom prejudice has dignified with the title of heroes, amidst their disgraceful triumphs, had considered that themselves were but mortals, and that human life was uncertain.

THE HAPPINESS

RESULTING FROM

A BELIEF OF DIVINE REVELATION.

IN this state of trial, where the storms of Adversity beat heavy on the weary traveller, the mind looks in vain for solid repose or firm support to any doctrines of Nature and Philosophy. The fond illusions of felicity but play with our grief; or, if gained, fall infinitely short of expectation: indeed, our situation here may be well compared to a traveller lost in a stormy night. He looks around for some friendly light to direct his way; perhaps, allured by false meteors, he is led into the midst of a track of bogs, where he sinks, almost exhausted, till the brighter stream of day disperses the clouds, and enables him with fresh ardour to pursue his journey.

Thus

Thus it is with the human mind ; which, tho' immortal, is ever too much attracted by the meteors of Time. Lost amid a variety of plans, it looks for a guide to direct its purposes into a proper channel. Philosophy offers,—its promises are specious, but often prove destructive, and always fail to afford a competent support. Fired with the fruitless toil, the soul almost despairs of real good ; when the splendour of Revelation intervenes, dispels the mental night, and raises the mind to a due sense of dignity, and a firm reliance on Providence, amidst all the uncertainties of life.

Such are the pleasures to be derived from Scripture and Christianity : from these alone flow lasting happiness ; nothing short can satisfy a mind formed with desires for, and capable of enjoying those exalted pleasures experienced in the regions of eternal glory.

The belief of Revelation invigorates the moral principles and stimulates the soul to perfection. The great doctrines of a future judgment, and eternal existence, are only to be found in its pages ; doctrines which tend to check vice, and to promote virtue and universal peace. How miserable then must be the state of those who dis-

disbelieve the word of truth ; for, when once we are deprived of that, the mind is a chaos of wild conjectures, and unable to bear the calamities incident to mortality.

The origin of scepticism is generally pride, a wish to appear singularly learned, and a qualified judge of things reason can never determine. A sceptic is a character as unhappy as uncertainty can make him ; his mind is a field of doubts respecting the most momentous truths, and even distrustful of certainties ; he acts like one fearful of every shadow ; and is whirled, like the weather-cock, by every breeze. Nor is the character of him who professes a belief of Revelation, without knowing its truths, and examining its principles a less contemptible, but often more dangerous person.

To such we may ascribe all the feuds of superstition and bigotry. The opinion of superiors is theirs ; whatever the Church says must be right ; and what justice could not, the sword was called in to defend.

The principles of religion will never lose by a proper investigation ! but it is the blindness of bigots that has retarded their progress, more than
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the stratagems of open enemies. It is the happiness of these days, that the mist which has dimmed the glory of Revelation is fading, to return no more; and men will embrace it, not because it is established in their country, or believed by their parents, but from an inward satisfaction of its divine origin and purpose, to benefit man here, and prepare him for an eternity to come.

The advantages enjoyed by the sincere believer in Revelation are so obvious, that I shall no longer expatiate on them; but conclude with a remark, to the honour of the female sex, lately made by a lady—"That by a belief in Revelation we have every thing to gain, but nothing to lose."

The FOLLY and ABSURDITY of NEGLECTING BUSINESS, and the DUTIES we OWE the SUPREME BEING, for the SAKE of TRIFLING and SUPERFLUOUS RECREATIONS.

I Have often remarked, that one half of the pleasures so eagerly prosecuted by the generality of mankind, if changed in their appellations, and ranked under the denomination of labour

bour, would be shunned with as much assiduity as they are now followed, and rendered every wit as disgustful to the fancy as they are now flattering and agreeable. Through some unaccountable infatuation we are ravished, in the literary sense of the expression, with the whistling of a name, and infinitely fatigue ourselves more in the bare pursuit of our several amusements, than in the closest attention to the duties of our respective vocations; though these avocations are the only means which we have of raising a necessary provision for our families.

The truth of this position was never more evidently ascertained than in the character of poor Bob Beetle. Bob is engaged in a very extensive way of business; and is, at once, the most lazy and the most industrious fellow in the world: he is fatigued to death if he writes a few lines to a correspondent, but he will ride after a pack of dogs for a dozen hours together, and call it glorious sport, when he has ventured his neck over a score or two of gates, and come home as dirty as a ducked pick-pocket, from a forty miles chace in the middle of winter. When he is in town he complains of it as a prodigious hardship if he rises at ten o'clock in the morning, though in the country he makes no scruple whatsoever
to

to get up at three or four to drag a fish-pond; and will scarcely walk a street's length to receive a hundred pounds in the way of his business, though he would trudge eight or ten miles with the greatest satisfaction for a brace of partridges. I met Bob a few days ago in the city, and stopping him on the privilege of an old acquaintance, demanded what was the reason of his seeming out of temper:—"Seeming, (replied he,) it is more than seeming; I am half inclined to hang myself: here, in such a roasting day as this, must I trudge to 'Change, and broil for two whole hours under the intense heat of a perpendicular sun. Damn it, Sir, I lead the life of a galley slave, and it is better not to live at all, than be liable to such continual anxieties." I was ill-natured enough to smile at his distress; but giving him a cordial shake by the hand, I wished him a good morning, and so we parted. Next day, about twelve o'clock, going to dine at a relation's near Hammersmith, who should I see stripped and playing at cricket in a field near Kensington, but Bob: though the weather was rather warmer than when I met him the preceding day, he was engaged in that violent exercise, with all the appearance of a most exquisite satisfaction, and scoured after the ball with as much agility

agility as he could possibly use to get himself into a heat on a frosty morning.

If we take but ever so slight a survey of mankind, we shall find that most people are actuated pretty much in the same manner with my friend Bob Beetle. Looking upon that as an insupportable toil which is most conducive to their interest, they absolutely find a pleasure in fatigue, and run into downright labour in hopes of enjoying a little recreation. I would by no means be understood as an arguer against a moderate share of manly exercise or rational amusement: on the contrary, I look upon such relaxations to be essentially necessary, both because they add considerably to our health, and give us a fresh inclination of returning to the business of our various employments. What I am offended at, is, to see men of excellent understandings, in total opposition to the dictates of their good sense, applying themselves wholly to the prosecution of their pleasures, and creating a number of imaginary difficulties, to embitter every moment which they set apart for the management of their most necessary employments.

Were temporal concerns, however, the only ones which we sacrifice to our idleness, nay, our most

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culpable

culpable amusements, something still might be said in our defence ; but our happiness hereafter, as well as our interests here, are obliged to give way to the meanest dissipations ; and a fox-chace or a cricket-ball ; a hunting-match or a dice-box, are not only able to stifle every impulse of regard which we ought to entertain for our families, but every sentiment of adoration which we ought to entertain for our God. The duties of religion, like our domestic concerns, are utterly neglected ; and even the awful business of eternity is thrown aside, for a contemptible game at whist, or a despicable pack of hounds.

The parallel between the neglect of our temporal and spiritual concerns, will be found considerably stronger, when we recollect that where unavoidable necessity compels a momentary attention to either, we enter upon them with an equal degree of reluctance and ill-will. But in the consequence, however, there is the widest difference : our disinclination does not often interrupt the business of our callings, while we continue in opposition to the natural bent of our tempers to carry it on ; many a man, though he hates his profession, nevertheless, by subduing his antipathy to it, and managing his affairs with discretion,

discretion, makes a good fortune ; but let us be ever so diligent in the discharge of our religious obligations, yet if our hearts are not actually engaged in the service of our Creator, all our personal attendance on his worship, will be so far from availing us, that it will rather encrease the enormity of our guilt, and expose us more inevitably to the thunders of his hand.

Reluctance is an aggravation of our crime, and we become less and less excusable, the more we appear in his temple, unless we approach it with the most exalted fervency of inclination. Let us be careful, therefore, whenever we steal an hour from the elysium of our amusements, and condescend to enter a church, that we do not suffer so precious a part of our time to be lost. Let us take the greatest pains we are able to prevent that hour from being an evidence against us at the dreadful day of judgment ; and consider, in the language of the Poet ;

“ That unless we desist from our crimes ;

“ 'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.”

THE

THE THREE HATS,

A characteristic Story.

GRACCHUS was the the issue of a noble family, not less distinguished by the dignity of his birth, than by the services which he had rendered the state ; but, impoverished by divers accidents, he was at length reduced to absolute indigency. The heir to a celebrated name, although wanting the necessaries of life, he thought he should supply by his talents, what he had lost by his misfortunes. He imagined he could repair every thing by labour. The idea was good, but it was still only an idea. How many of the most plausible projects have been attempted without success ; fine in theory, and fertile in practice, nothing is wanting to these agreeable chimeras, but the power of realizing them ; but this is a talent of which their authors are incapable. Even in the flower of his age, Gracchus had the unusual fortitude of applying voluntarily to science, Born with a taste for the belles lettres, he dedicated to them the fairest and freshest of his years. He passed in the recesses of his cabinet those moments of effervescence which, in a more splendid situation, he would

would have sacrificed to wine or women. The love of glory, animated by that happy impossibility of figuring in the gay world, stifled in his heart that penchant which, at his age carries us naturally and forcibly to dissipating pleasures. Instead of *enjoying* he *instructed*; but unluckily, he choose a path rather agreeable than useful. Instead of fitting himself for the bar or the senate, which frequently leads to every thing, he paid his court to the muses; who, for the most part, lead to nothing at all. Unfortunately, the first efforts of his pen announced a talent which marked a poetical genius. Encouraged by this, he was animated to new endeavours, and those endeavours succeeded. His verses were greatly applauded, and they deserved applause: one might fairly compare them to the most able compositions of his times. The compliments which he received, the praises which every way pursued him, fired his fancy, and rendered him still more poetically enthusiastic. Sometimes young authors are spoiled by being too much fondled, as they are at other times by being too much censured. At last he was worked up to such a poetical ardour, that he talked on the most ordinary occasions in the language of the gods. Any thing less had been unworthy of him. Without wealth,
estate,

estate, or resource, there was no office of the court, however lucrative, which he would have accepted, had he been obliged to purchase it by a discourse in plain prose. "Particularly cursed of the gods must he be (says the poet) who is always versifying." Poetical enthusiasm is the most declared enemy of good sense; it is a situation absolutely convulsive. The head of Gracchus was not so solidly organized as to withstand that divine fury with which it was continually agitated: the trial was too strong for him. A thousand literary and whimsical anecdotes are related of Gracchus, during his poetical phrenzy. Amongst others is recorded his passion for introducing new modes of salutation. He projected a scheme to address every person according to his rank. This cost him much meditation, for he had been long shocked with that uniformity which confounds all, and distinguishes nothing. "If in the street, (he would often say) a Counsellor, a Constable, and a common Tradesman, should pass by me, is it not monstrous that a man who piques himself on a knowledge of life and manners, should be obliged to salute all three in the same form, without marking the different degrees of respect that is due to the quality of each? To Gracchus this abuse of general compliment

pliment appeared one of the principal faults of Government, and like a good citizen, he resolved to provide a remedy for it.

His endeavours were not unsuccessful; the endeavours of a poet are never unsuccessful in his own opinion. After having reflected for some time on the difficulties that rose up against the execution of his project, he started up suddenly, as if struck with a lucky thought, and went with all expedition to his hatter: "I want three hats, Sir, (said he,) each a little bigger than the other; and, upon the faith of a poet, I promise to pay you, with good interest, as soon as I receive the recompence of my invention, for which I shall certainly have a patent and a premium." Though the hatter did not very willingly acquiesce in this precarious mode of payment, he wisely considered that it was impossible, in trade, to gain much without venturing something; and so he gave credit to our author. No sooner was Gracchus in possession of the hats, which he put one within the other, then he triumphantly departed to put his scheme into execution. "Now for my experiment," said he, putting on the three hats, and fallying into the street. He walked forwards. When he met with an ordinary man, whom he knew to be without titles or estate, he
took

took off only one hat ; in passing a man of condition, he took off two hats ; and upon meeting a person of the first rank and quality, he paid him the compliment of taking off all the three hats.

This innovation, however, was attended by some little difficulty : for the very boys hooted him through the streets. Gracchus had yet sufficient enthusiasm to construe these hissings into congratulatory eulogiums. " My project must needs be exceedingly well formed, (said he) since the very children pursue me wherever I go with shouts of approbation." His invention appeared to him so excellent, that he gave himself the title of public benefactor, and expected the most illustrious reward of Government in consequence. I doubt vanity had more to do with a petition which he afterwards penned, than merit ; for the memoir which he drew upon the occasion, was garnished in all the embellishments of verse, which the ministers whom he addressed, did not think proper to reply to. Ministers, indeed, either from want of taste or leisure, are not often captivated by the charms of poetry ; but the poet was so enraged at the neglect shewn to his verses, that he fell sick upon it. Some charitable souls took pity upon his malady, attempted his cure :
but

but it was impossible ; the blow which his self love had received, proved mortal. He lingered out some days, and at last died, just as he was putting the finishing stroke to a most bitter satire against the ingratitude of the three hats on his head, his fellow citizens, and with all, swearing with his last breath, that he was so angry with the whole world, which had neither taste for poetry or improvements, that he would not make another bow to any man living. *I go into the next world* (said he) *without ceremony.*

ANGELICA AND MEDORO;

OR THE

UNHAPPY ESCAPE.

A ROMAN TALE.

IN the days of King Cambyfes, the youthful Medoro, whose great services in the time of battle had always gained him access to the Roman Emperor, now fell in love with the divine Angelica, the only daughter of the King. But Medoro knowing his humble situation, and think-

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ing birth and parentage were wanting to entitle him to the honour of Angelica's hand, feared to make known his love either to his royal master, or the fair mistress of his heart, so ignorant therefore how to quell the corroding pangs he felt within, he resolved to entrust the promising Demetrius with the secret of his love. His flattering friend seemed to partake of his sorrow ; but alas ! it was all an outward shew of affection, for Demetrius loved her himself.

The credulous Medoro accordingly consulted with his unknown rival, who still dissembling with the honest lover, promised him every assistance he could give ; but instead of fulfilling his vows, and making known to Angelica the undissembled passion of her constant admirer, he painted him in the worst colours, and represented him as a man who sought her life.

The unhappy and timorous Angelica would accordingly shun the sight of Medoro ; the more he sought her the more she evaded his search, till at last, depressed entirely with sorrow, and thinking that his love was disagreeable, he went to his supposed friend, and demanded an explanation.

Demetrius

Demetrius, upon seeing him, assumed all that melancholy which his artifice required. His utterance he pretended to be at first so feeble, that he could not speak the sad, things he had to tell: but upon Medoro's declaring he would know the worst, Demetrius proceeded.—

“ Ah, my friend, you have a rival, and the fair Angelica loves him, nay more, Angelica hates you, and vows to inform her father of your unseasonable passion. Pray then consider the consequence: her royal fire will impute your honest love to *madness*; for such are the failings of these degenerate days, that when a man aspires to what is above him, though he speaks ever so sensibly and writes ever so properly, he is called insane, and no doubt will be committed to perpetual confinement, which is in itself sufficient to make a tame man mad. This I am sure is contrary to your well known valour: a Roman could not brook one thought of captivity, but would rather forfeit his life than the loss of his freedom. Medoro during this, felt all the pangs of disappointed passion, and the triumphant Demetrius flattered himself that he had sufficiently erased his love. But he little knew how near the fair Angelica was, who was all this while concealed behind a shady tree, where responsive echo
carried

carried her the sounds of each, and discovered the treachery of Demetrius. As soon, then, as the villain had departed, still promising his further assistance, and Medoro had vented all his grief, as he thought, in private, the lovely Angelica appeared, and contradicted what Demetrius had told.

Extatic joy elated the heart of the young lover, and each imparted to the other how much they loved; but Demetrius returning with another fabricated tale, at a distance perceived the happy pair, and confounded at this unexpected discovery, withdrew.

Medoro, during the interval, told all the feelings of his heart; which the fond Angelica, who was never before in private with a man, heard with a secret delight.

Oh, happiness! too great to last for ever. By the means of Demetrius the Emperor had sent a guard to apprehend the unoffending Medoro, whom he suspected for some dishonourable action with his daughter. They were accordingly separated, and the unhappy lover brought before his royal master.

With

With true Roman fortitude, however, Medoro pleaded his love ; and having accused Demetrius of treachery, left to Cambyfes himself to determine his fate. But Cambyfes being partial to Demetrius, ordered Medoro to be sent to prifon, there to remain till further examination.

While Medoro was now contemplating within his gloomy dungeon the sorrows of his love, the artful Demetrius appeared. The lover at firft fpurned at his false friendship, till the villain declaring that his fafety was only his aim, and wishing him to avoid the anger of Cambyfes, formed accordingly his tale. The credulous Medoro ftill liftened to his promifes.

“ You fhall now, cried Demetrius, be convinced of my efteem. I fhall this moment liberate you, and lead you to the very happy spot where the fair Angelica is bathing. You fhall then, fince you have fortunately won the maid, fly away with her ; and depend upon your Demetrius ; he will, as long as poffible, delay a fearch.”

So fair did this propofal feem, that Medoro accepted it, and as Demetrius had faid, fo found he the divine Angelica half attired. She was, no doubt,

doubt, surprized ; but a few minutes explained all. They were accordingly determined to fly ; and Angelica, hoping to evade all detection, put on a dress of her lover's, which, at the request of Demetrius, Medoro brought with him, intending to wear it during the excursion, it being the habit of an enemy whose spoils he had taken.

Angelica, whose fears were only for Medoro, preceded him, but, unfortunate event ! some hired ruffians, who according to Demetrius's commands, were waiting for the lover, rushed out, and on account of the deception of Angelica's dress smote her for Medoro. The unhappy fair one fell—never to rise again. The conscious villains, seeing what they had done, fled for their safety ; but being pursued by the hopeless Medoro, were slain near the Emperor's palace. All Rome was in an uproar. An explanation being demanded by the Emperor, the said Medoro unwillingly confessed. The ruffians bodies were immediately examined, and under the garb of one had been concealed the false Demetrius. This corroborated all that Medoro had declared. His pardon was procured ; but, like a true Roman, he scorned to keep a life which he thought was due to his love. Therefore, seeing the unhappy place where the breathless Angelica lay,
and

and having joined his lips with her cold ones, he fell upon his sword.—Sad fate!—May all true lovers never meet it.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES

OF AN

Imperial Ambassador, M. de Brognard,

AT CONSTANTINOPLE;

AND OF THE

Outrages committed on the Ladies of his Family,

In a RIOT in that City.

THE Emperor's great and deserved reputation, and his powerful influence in Europe, kept the Turks in such awe that even in cases wherein they have had reason to complain of the conduct of the Imperial minister at Constantinople, they have suppressed their complaints, and have quietly submitted to the violation of their most sacred rights.

An instance of this kind occurred during the late war between the Turks and the Russians, of so singular a nature, that it merits an ample relation

lation of all its circumstances, in this place. The ceremony of exposing the sacred standard of the prophet Mahomet, by carrying the grand procession through the principal streets of Constantinople, previous to its being transported to the camp, is a solemnity held in the highest veneration by the Turks, and so sacred, that they will not permit any person, of any rank or religion whatever, except Musselmén, to behold it; for which reason, three days before the procession, heralds are sent to proclaim in every street of Constantinople, that on such a day the standard of the prophet will be carried through the city, on its way to the army, and that no persons, not of the Mahometan religion, are to be in the streets through which it passes, or looking out into them from any houses, under the pain of death in case of disobedience. Notwithstanding this absolute prohibition, the Imperial minister, unmindful of his public character, which should have made him more delicate than a private person upon such an occasion, was persuaded to gratify the curiosity of his wife and two daughters, who were determined to see this grand procession. For this purpose, he agreed for a chamber in the house of a Moulah, situated in one of the streets through which it was to pass; the price was fixed at fifty piastres; but two days before solemnity

Solemnity was to take place, the minister found out a more convenient apartment at an inferior price, which he immediately took, and relinquished the first. The Moulah in vain represented that Europeans generally kept their words, but more especially public ministers; he was refused every kind of satisfaction, and was dismissed with taunts, the minister well knowing that no tribunal would dare to proceed against him, and that though the order of the Moulahs have the most powerful interest with the government, yet their dread of offending his royal master was superior to every other consideration. The Moulah submitted, in appearance, without murmuring at his hard lot, but he secretly meditated vengeance, and only waited a proper opportunity to gratify this darling passion in the breast of a Turk.

In the very moment, then, that the holy standard was passing through the street in which the ambassador, his lady, and two daughters had taken a chamber, and as it approached the house, from a window of which, half opened, they were looking at the splendid show, the Moulah set up a loud cry, that the holy standard was profaned by the eyes of Infidels, who were regarding it through the latticed window of such a house.

The multitude, which was immense, as all the orders of the people attend the solemnity, instantly took the alarm, and a party, consisting of near three hundred enraged Janissaries, detached themselves from the procession, and broke open the door of the house, determined to sacrifice to the prophet those daring Infidels, who had profaned his holy standard. The imprudent minister in vain represented to them that he was the Imperial ambassador, he was instantly knocked down, and the inner doors being forced, they found the ambassador, whom they stripped of her jewels and cloaths, and nothing but her age protected her from further insults. As for the young ladies, they had fallen senseless upon the floor in a swoon, from which they were only recovered by the extreme torture of having their ear-rings torn from them with such violence, that part of their ears went with them. They were likewise stripped to their shifts, and what they suffered besides no mortal can tell, as it was reported that some of the Janissaries had compassion on their youth and beauty, joined to their tears, and the wretched situation to which they were reduced, while another party were deaf to all entreaties; be this as it may, after they had plundered them, they retired, and in the evening this deplorable family were secretly conveyed to Galata.

As

As soon as the grand Visier received information of the horrid outrage committed on the person of the ambassador and the ladies, he communicated it to the Grand Signor, who condescended, though the ambassador was so much in the wrong, to send him compliments of condolence and excuse in his own name, accompanied with a rich pelice, which is a distinguishing token of peace in Turkey; and as his sublime Highness knew the minister loved money, a very handsome sum was sent to him privately, and separate purses to the ladies, besides jewels far superior to those the Janissaries had taken from them. Having received such ample indemnification, the whole family seemed perfectly satisfied, and the young ladies being recovered from their fright, related the adventure to their Christian friends, in a manner that did no great honour to their modesty.

Had the piece finished with this act, all would have been well; but, unfortunately, the Divan thought something was due to public decorum, and that an example of severity was requisite in point of policy, that other foreign ministers might be assured of the safety of their persons and property. The strictest search was made to discover the individuals who were guilty of the particular personal insults and indignities to the ambassador,

ambassador, and to the ladies, but without effect: but the heads of 300 persons, Janissaries and others concerned in the riot were cut off, and information of this bloody execution was sent to the ambassador, with a request to know if it would satisfy him; to which he replied, that so far as respected his own person and his family he was content; but that having sent dispatches to Vienna upon the subject, he could say no more till the answer arrived. The courier, impatiently expected on both sides, at length arrived, and brought such an answer as might well be expected from so discerning and equitable a prince as the Emperor. It contained no complaints against the Porte, for there were none to make; but an order of recal to the minister, couched in terms that struck him to the heart, for he instantly fell sick, and either died by his own hands, or a natural death, in a few days. His wife and daughters soon after returned in a private manner to Vienna, where the story of the young ladies had arrived long before them, and represented in such a light to the Empress Dowager, who was still living, and absorbed in devout exercises, that they were ordered to retire to a convent, as parlour borders, for the remainder of their days.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SUN.

WHAT then can this globe be, which alone
 causes a general renewal, at the very
 instant of its appearance? In vain do I cast my eyes,
 and fix my attention upon it: I can by no means
 bear its aspect, and its inmost nature escapes all my
 researches. Is it a globe wholly composed of
 fire? What are the fire and light which it casts
 from all parts? Are the light and fire but one
 and the same material being? Or are they two
 distinct things which go together, and one
 whereof continually pushes forwards the other?
 How can that globe operate so powerfully, and
 at so vast distances? How comes it, during the
 six thousand successive years it has given light
 and heat to nature, not to have lost the greatest
 part of its substance by the constant effluvia
 emitted from it? Has it then a reservoir that
 repairs all its losses? Is there a perpetual circula-
 tion of fire and light, that incessantly replaces in
 the sun what is uninterruptedly emitted from it?
 Or is the action of the sun no more than a pow-
 erful pressure of its fires on the body of the light,
 so that that star communicates its action to us,
 without undergoing the least diminution or loss?
 We shall, perhaps, hereafter explore the most
 plausible

plausible answers that can be made to these sublime queries.

Let us for the present confine ourselves within what is past all dispute, and inform ourselves of what may be relied on with certainty, on the measure, distance, and operations of that globe. God at present hides from us nothing but what is useless or dangerous; and it would be acting contrary to our interest, (to which God has proportioned the knowledge he gives us of his works,) should we reject the truths he reveals to us.

Geometricians have a way equally plain and sure to measure inaccessible bodies. When they know the measure of one side and two angles of a triangle, they quickly determine the quantity of the third angle and the length of the two other sides. Or, when two sides and one angle are known, they immediately find out the other two angles and the unknown side. By this skill it is, that they daily inform us, what the exact height of a tower or hill will be, without ascending it; what the depth of a well, without going down to the bottom of it; and the breadth of a river, without coming near the other shore. In like manner astronomers know how to describe a triangle,

angle, of which they know one side exactly, which represents the semidiameter of the earth. They, besides, know the exact measure of the two angles formed upon that side, by two lines that meet together in the centre of the sun. Thus they know the exact measure of the two sides, that represent the distance of the earth from the sun. By these, or some other no less certain operations, being matters of fact on which you may surely depend, they judge of and determine the magnitude of the stars. 'Tis true, the observations of the moderns have greatly swelled the calculations of those that were before them, which is a proof, not that this science is frivolous, but that the instruments therein made use of every day, require a new degree of perfection. However, as a single minute, or even a part of it, added or retrenched, immediately makes a difference of several hundreds of thousands, or even millions of leagues; let us take the grossest calculations and sums, that can have no other fault but their being inferior to the reality of things. Thus we shall run no risk, but that of setting on the works of God a price inferior to their true value, and avoid the danger of admiring a beauty that is not in them, or any thing extraordinary, of the existence of which we may not be sufficiently assured.

There

There is now no astronomer but knows by evident proofs, and by the plainest calculation, that the sun is almost a million of times bigger than the earth. Let us here be contented with asserting, that the mass of the sun is a hundred thousand times bigger than that of our sphere. Besides which there is no astronomer that does judge the sun to be distant from us above five thousand times the breadth of a diameter of the earth. And, as that diameter is above three thousand of our leagues long, take only two thousand fathom for each league, if we multiply 5000 by 3000, we are sure that the sun is 15,000,000 of leagues distant from the earth.

We should be frightened at the thought of what the most learned and most exact astronomers, in their calculations, add to these measures. Messrs. Cassini and Newton judge the earth from the sun to be ten thousand diameters of the earth, which makes thirty or even thirty-three millions of leagues. If I confine myself to half the product of their calculations, notwithstanding the exactness and regularity which nobody will refuse to ascribe to these great men, of course I shall not be suspected of any intention here to augment the marvelous.

To

To be made the more sensible what a prodigious space that half still is, imagine to yourself a horse and cannon-ball that start from the earth, in order to get to the sun, and continue their way with a steady pace, without any faintness or interruption. Let us suppose the horse to make his journey of 25 leagues a day, and the ball to go through the space of 100 fathom every second: in multiplying 25 leagues, by 365 days, the horse will make 9125 leagues in a year. After having travelled at this rate for 1550 years, he would yet have made no more than 14,143,750 leagues. The ball that goes through a space of 100 fathom in a second, will make 60 times as much in one minute, that is, 180 leagues every hour. This would make 4320 leagues a day, and 1,576,800 leagues a year.

Thus the ball, after having continued its motion for nine years running, yet would have gone through but 14,191,200 leagues. If nine years are not sufficient to the cannon-ball: if fifteen ages and more are not enough for the horse to arrive to the sun, according to our calculation, which falls so very short, nay, which is not even half of what is demonstrably known, and matter of fact; at what period of time would they arrive, were they to complete the just measure

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which escapes our sight, and which may considerably be lengthened for one single third or fourth of a minute, which neither our eyes, nor any of our instruments are able to take in?

This distance, which surprizes us, is however very inconsiderable, in comparison of that between the earth and planet Saturn; between the moon and fixed stars; between one star and another.

But that he who dispenses existence at his will, and is absolute master of matter, should multiply, extend, enlarge it, and add a kind of immensity to his works, is not properly what surprizes me; or at least my amazement is chiefly founded on my own extreme littleness. But what astonishes and affects me with much greater reason, is to see that, notwithstanding this my extreme littleness, a hand no less benevolent than masterly has vouchsafed to regulate that distance by the advantages I was designed to receive from it; and has placed the sun, with regard to the earth, on which I was lodged, at such a distance, that it might be near enough to warm me, and sufficiently removed from it not to set it on fire.

The rays that proceed from a globe of fire, a hundred thousand, nay, a million times bigger than

than the earth, must needs have an inconceivable activity and force, so long as they remain close to one another, and act as it were in concert. They afterwards must necessarily be divergent, that is, more and more distant from each other, as they advance from their common centre towards the vast circumference which is enlightened by the sun, and their force diminishes in proportion to their distance at their extremities. This divergency of the rays of light may be easily conceived from the emblem of the spokes of a wheel, which are very close at the nave whence they spring; whereas towards the felloes or jaunts, where they end, they become more distant, as the circle of these jaunts enlarges.

Our earth, had it been placed in a point in which these rays would have been still too numerous, and too near each other, could never have borne their burning heat. Had it been placed farther off towards the extremities of the solar world, it would have received from it but a faint dim light, insufficient for its usual productions. It stands in that very place, where it is secured from all those inconveniences which it had to fear, and within the reach of all the advantages and blessings it could desire.

The

The heavens, more especially, declare the grandeur and glory of God. Nothing is more proper than the firmament to manifest God in his own handy work. Each day commissions the following to declare God to us: every night to the following leaves the care of pointing out our Maker to us. The instructions which the heavens afford us, are not a speech or language barbarous or foreign to us. They are not weak sounds difficult to be heard. The voice of the heavens is familiar and intelligible: it is strong, sonorous, and unwearied: it reaches from the heavens to the earth: it is conveyed from one end of the world to the other: there is no nation, nor man on earth, that does not understand it: the whole universe is instructed.

But the sun alone teaches us better and affects us much more than all the beauties the heavens can display to our sight. The heavens are nearly like a pavilion to the sun. The veils, richly embroidered, which seem to take away from us the light of that star, are removed when it advances towards us: they are withdrawn, and he alone remains visible. He is a young bridegroom coming out of his nuptial chamber, to shew himself on the solemnest day of his life. His splendor

dor is then full of mildness. All admire him at his arrival. All eyes are fixed on him, and he makes himself easy of access to them all, in order to receive their first salutations. But he is commissioned to convey the heat and the life, as well as the light, every where. He hastens to discharge this important office; he darts more and more fire as he ascends. He passes from one end of the heavens to another, and runs like a strong indefatigable wrestler. He enlivens whatever he lights. There is nothing that can either be hid from his light, or subsist without his heat; and by his penetrating fires he reaches those very places which are inaccessible to his rays.

THE REFINED LOVERS:

A MORAL TALE.

WHEN a lady happens to feel tender prepossessions in favour of a man very much inferior to her in point of rank and fortune, she may be allowed to make the first overtures to him, especially if she has reason to believe from his behaviour that he feels prepossessions of the same

same kind with her own, and that he is only prevented by a delicate consciousness of his inferiority from making an avowal of his passion for her. In this situation, however, though appearances may be very promising, a woman cannot be sure of disinterestedness on the side of him who has made an impression on her heart: she cannot be certain that his affection is pure and unmixed with any mercenary considerations, without making some trial of it; without bringing it to the test. An artful woman is not, in general, an amiable character, but, in these supposed circumstances, no woman can be fairly blamed for the exertions of her address.

Olivetta, a rich heiress in one of the most fertile parts of Spain, lived upon the lands she inherited in a stile which at once proved the grandeur of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her taste; the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In the various arrangements of her household, she discovered a considerable deal of judgment, happily steering between the two extremes of parsimony and extravagance; and while she exhibited a splendid appearance to the world, had not recourse to any domestic meanness for the support of it. Her liberality was extensive, but it was ever under the guidance of discretion:

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the objects of her beneficence were numerous, but they were objects deserving of her compassion before they tasted of her generosity.

It may be easily imagined that such a woman, unmarried, had a train of admirers. Olivetta's admirers were innumerable, and many of them were in a situation to justify their pretensions to an alliance with her; but as she had discernment enough to see that the majority of them only wanted to increase their consequence by the addition of her fortune, she very prudently declined coming to any serious conversations with them.

Among those who wished to be united to Olivetta, there was one, however, whom she particularly distinguished from the rest, and for whom she felt emotions of which she had not before he came in her way been sensible. With nothing to recommend himself to her first notice but an agreeable person, and a genteel deportment, he drew her attention: by his modest and respectful behaviour afterwards he became of so much importance in her eyes that she could not help secretly wishing he was in a situation to throw himself into the line of her opulent lovers; a line which he avoided with a decency which heightened the favourable opinion she had entertained of him.

Julio,

Julio, [the timid, silent, sincere lover of Olivetta, was by birth a gentleman, but the sport of fortune. His parents having met with a series of bitter disappointments, sunk at last under the oppressive load of them, and left him to struggle with an income just sufficient for a decent subsistence; an income by no means equal to what he had reason to expect in his early days, to the education which his father bestowed upon him when he was in a flourishing state, and had no presentiment of the change he was destined to feel in his circumstances. With that income, however, he made himself, by dint of œconomy, fit to mix with the best company. His figure, his conversation, and his manners, were extremely engaging; and he was as much praised as pitied by all who knew him. Every body said that he deserved to be placed in a very different sphere, but nobody offered to promote his advancement to it. A man, cramped in his affairs by the mere caprice of fortune, without having done any thing to merit his adversity, may derive some pleasure, indeed, from the good wishes of his friends, but if those who declare themselves to be his friends are not active in his service; if they take no steps to remove the distresses which excite their compassion, he is under very slight obligations to them. Julio could not but be pained by

by the inactivity of his friends, yet he was cheerful; and moved in his small circle uncomplaining, unrepining, with a dignity which threw a lustre upon his character, and shamed many illustrious personages, who looked down upon him with the cold eye of commiseration.

This was the man whom Olivetta beheld in the most favourable light, and whom she thought worthy of that affluence which she herself enjoyed. At first she viewed him with a kind of reverence, so much was she struck with the philosophic part of his character: veneration was soon followed by esteem, and esteem in a short time ripened into love. Such was the succession of feelings in Olivetta's bosom, and the last gave no small disturbance to her gentle breast. Many were the tender lines which she remembered from the soft pages of the most elegant Spanish poets; lines of which she had not till then felt the full—the more poetic force. She blushed whenever she thought of loving a man in a station so much beneath her: not because she deemed Julio undeserving of her sincerest affection, but because she clearly perceived that he would not venture to offer himself to her for a husband, and that she could not of course hope to be united to him in the manner she wished, without deviating from

the decorum which she could not bring herself to violate.

While she was sitting one day in this painful perplexing situation, in a pensive attitude, over one of her favourite poets, a young lady, for whom she had a great regard, who lived with her as a companion, endeavoured to divert her melancholy by some sprightly reflections on the havoc made among the two sexes by the belle passion: but poor Olivetta was too much under the influence of that passion to be amused with her companion's vivacities. She only, sighing, replied, that those were, in her opinion, the unhappiest of human beings who were denied the satisfaction of a marriage agreeable to their inclination.

Francisca, who knew as well what passed in Olivetta's heart at that moment as she did herself, told her, that "if she was in her place, she would marry the man she liked, however inferior he might be to her, if he was not unworthy of her, and if she could be assured of his loving her, without any lucrative views, in return.

"Would you have me condescend to make the first advances to a man?"

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“ The first advances from a woman to a man,” replied Francisca, “ are not, I confess, in general, to be defended ; but circumstanced as you are, a few female delicacies may, I think, be dispensed with. You love Julio—nay, you need not be ashamed of loving him—I am sure he is necessary to your happiness. He is very much your inferior, I grant, with respect to rank and fortune, but he is a gentleman by birth and education, and intrinsically superior to all his richer competitors. From the modesty of his behaviour, in consequence, no doubt, of his elevated sentiments, I will presume to say, that he will never speak first upon the subject.—”

“ Then I am doomed to be miserable,” exclaimed Olivetta, hastily interrupting her, rising, and walking across her chamber inexpressibly agitated.

“ Perhaps not,” answered Francisca: “ your amiable lover, though his extreme diffidence, a diffidence which enhances his merit, prevents him from disclosing the sensations which wound his peace on your account, may be drawn into the very declaration you wish to extract from him. I do not pretend to put myself upon a footing with you, in any shape, yet fancy I can point
out

out a way to you by which you may arrive at the summit of your desires, without being reduced to any indelicate measures."

Olivetta, after having listened very attentively to her concluding words, earnestly intreated her to proceed with the greatest freedom and unreservedness.

Francisca obeyed, proceeded, and gave Olivetta so much pleasure by her communications, that she resolved to avail herself of her advice without delay.

While Olivetta and Francisca were engaged in this manner, Julio, unable to remain in a place where he was perpetually beholding the woman he loved to distraction, but with whom he dared not to expect an alliance, determined to remove himself to a distant part of the country, and endeavour, by absence, to cure the wounds which love had inflicted on his heart. It was not, however, till after the severest conflict which he had ever endured, that he resolved to take a step so little likely to produce the intended effect.

When he had packed up the few moveables in his possession, he repaired to Olivetta's magnificent

cent mansion, in order to pay his grateful acknowledgments for all the civilities he had received from her, and bid his eyes "take their last farewell."

The reception which he met with from the "goddes of his idolatry" would have probably encouraged any other man to tell his "fond tale;" but he, from the extreme refinement of his ideas, was as silent upon the subject in which he was most interested, and only announced his departure, after having poured out his most greatful effusions. During the delivery of those effusions Olivetta's cheeks were alternately pale and red, and the concluding words affected her in such a manner, that she was almost on the point of fainting away. Recovering herself however in a few moments, she took a diamond ring of considerable value from her finger, and presented it to him, with the following speech :

"Having long entertained a high opinion of your merit, Sir, I have long wished to reward it; and if I should happily have it in my power to be of service to you, I shall certainly prove myself your friend. In the mean time, I beg you to accept this trifle (presenting the ring to him) as a small token of my regard, and let me be acquainted

acquainted with your route, if you are absolutely determined to leave this place, that I may know whither to dispatch a messenger should I hear of any thing to your advantage."

If Julio had observed Olivetta's looks while she delivered the above speech with the penetrating eyes of a truly-touched innamorato, he would have derived the highest satisfaction from them, as they forcibly assured him, as forcibly as a thousand words could have done, that she earnestly wished to reward him personally for the merit which had won her heart, and that she wished with the utmost impatience for his making the first overtures, to save her from the indelicacy of having recourse to the still plainer mode of utterance for the consummation of her desires: her chaste desires, for she loved Julio with an affection of the purest kind; loved him more for his internal worth, than for his external accomplishments.

Julio, overwhelmed at once with gratitude, love, and delicacy, was unable to return an answer to the most friendly expressions with which the brilliant donation was accompanied.

It is an old saying, and a pretty true one, that a man sincerely in love is very apt to look like a
fool

fool in the presence of his mistress. It is not quite clear that Julio's appearance would have been silly before a woman to whom he might have made, he thought, pretensions without being guilty of impertinence, or presumption; but Olivetta's superiority operated upon him in such a manner, that all the encouragement she gave him to disclose his tender sensations, was insufficient to remove the obstructions which delicacy threw in his way. After much hesitation, and many strong marks of irresolution in his whole behaviour, he muttered out something very grateful, but very awkwardly pronounced, and retired.

It is not easy to describe what Olivetta suffered when her timid lover had taken his leave. Ordering her attendants to withdraw, she thus unbosomed herself to her faithful companion:

“ The behaviour of this amiable man, my dear Francisca, is not to be endured. I have gone as far as I can with propriety to make him see that his addresses to me would be favourably received, but to no purpose. You are continually assuring me, that he loves me as much as I love him. Would he not, then, encouraged as he had been, make a declaration? Besides, how can you reconcile
his

his intended departure from this place for ever, (these were his words, Francisca,) with the violence of his attachment to me?"

"The violence of his attachment," replied Francisca, smiling, "is the cause of his departure. If he was quite indifferent about you, he would not, I imagine, have thought of it. His diffidence, his delicacy—call it what you will—prevents him from revealing the secret he longs to discover, (you cannot yourself long more to have the disclosure of it,) and he is, therefore resolved to fly from a spot which is become so distressing to him."

"You are right, I believe, my dear; but what can I do? how can I act? I cannot say directly to him 'I love!' and he will not, you perceive, give me a decent opportunity to tell him so."

"You are two of the most refined lovers in Spain, but were I in your situation I would—"

Here Francisca was interrupted by the arrival of a letter to Olivetta, who, upon breaking it open, and seeing the name of Julio at the bottom of the page, read it with her spirits more fluttered than she had before ever felt them.

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“The unfortunate Julio, unable to express his gratitude in the terms he wished when he received the generous Olivetta’s valuable present, accompanied with assurances of a very flattering kind, cannot help embracing this opportunity, before his departure, to inform her that her noble behaviour has strengthened his resolution never to return. The recollection of her promised friendship will afford him, wherever he goes, as much consolation as he can possibly enjoy while he feels himself in a situation which forbids him to expect an alliance with the only woman in the world whom he can ever love: from the presence of her he flies into a voluntary exile, because he cannot bear the sight of that beauty which he ardently longs, but dares not hope to call his own.—May she never endure the pangs of love, sharpened by despair !”

The perusal of this letter occasioned a variety of mixed emotions in the fluttered bosom of Olivetta, but the pleasing ones were predominant. Supposing that she might now venture to reward the merit which had long engrossed her attention, she dispatched a note to her despairing lover, sufficiently animating, she imagined, not only to make him give up all thoughts of banishment, but to bring him in haste to her palace.

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Having sent it away by a trusty and active messenger, she waited for his coming back with a restlessness much more easily to be conceived than communicated.

The messenger, hearing that Julio had set out from his apartment some hours before his arrival, made all the enquiries in his power concerning the road he had taken, but not being able to gain the least intelligence about it, returned with his dispatches.

Olivetta, on the return of her domestic, was inexpressibly disappointed, discontented, and distressed; and while she regretted the loss of the only man who had kindled the flame of love in her breast, reproached herself severely for that refinement which, by driving him into exile, had deprived her of the exquisite pleasure she had promised herself from the contents of her answer to his desponding epistle.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, moons performed their revolutions, and no Julio appeared. At last, her pain on his account increasing, and her patience being quite exhausted, Olivetta, dead to all the enjoyments of the world, resolved to seclude herself from it;
to

to spend the remainder of her melancholy days in a convent. Having made over the greatest part of her fortune to Francisca, she proceeded to carry her monastic designs into execution.

When she arrived within sight of her retreat, the very man for whose sake she was going to bury herself alive, Julio, surprized her with his appearance. The moment he saw her he advanced with an uncommon agility towards her; but perceiving on a nearer approach that she looked like the picture of death, he started, and could hardly believe his eyes.

Olivetta, while her lover was advancing to her, had fainted away in the arms of her attendants. As soon as she recovered, he enquired with the greatest anxiety into the cause of the melancholy alteration in her looks. On her acquainting him with her sufferings on his account, and with her conventual intentions, in consequence of them, he rapturously told her that it was in his power, by the decease of an opulent relation, to reinstate her in her former stile of life; and that if she would consent to share his unexpected acquisition with him, he should deem himself the happiest being in the universe.

Olivetta

Olivetta was charmed with a behaviour which left her no room to question the sincerity of her Julio's attachment to her, but threw out of a few difficulties, originating from a new species of delicacy: those difficulties were however, soon surmounted, and the union of their hearts was cemented by the union of their hands.

ANECDOTE OF MR. NASH.

OF the many instances of humanity recorded of the celebrated Mr. Nash, King of Bath, the *Spectator* takes notice of one, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged, "For making one man happy, *ten pounds.*" Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an *item*, he frankly declared, that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children, that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Masters, struck with such an uncommon instance of

of good-nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

DR. MISAUDIN.

THE late Doctor Misaudin was famous for curing a particular disorder; and his recipe first introduced him into the polite world; but his uncommon humour and docility of temper, recommended him still more to several Noblemen of the first rank. Amongst these were the late Dukes of Montague and Richmond, of whose parties he used frequently to be, and was always very conducive to the mirth and enjoyment of the company. As a specimen of the kind of merriment he produced upon these occasions, we shall take a view of the Doctor at court, upon being introduced to the late King. The Duke of Montague had advertised his Majesty of the whimsical character of Mr. Misaudin,

aubin, and added, he would afford some mirth upon being introduced on a levee-day. Accordingly the Duke said to the Doctor, he wondered so celebrated a physician had never been introduced at St. James's. The Doctor snapped at the bait, and said, he should take it as a great honour if his grace would introduce him. The Duke consented to his request, and the Doctor consulted him with regard to his dress. His Grace advised him, by all means, to make his first appearance in a suit of black velvet, which was accordingly obtained; and the Duke prepared himself with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder was contained. Upon the Duke's perceiving the Doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, saying, "How happy I am, dear Doctor, to have this opportunity of introducing you to the King!" The Doctor humm'd and ha'd—'But my coat, my Lord!—I shall look like a miller.' The Duke, however, did not desist from shaking his head, till he had discharged at least three quarters of a pound of powder upon the Doctor's black velvet suit. His Grace then introduced him to the King, who was ready to burst his sides with laughing; the Doctor being more engaged in wiping his cloaths, than in making his obeisance. Though his introduction

was

was attended with this ridiculous appearance, the Doctor failed not ever after attending St. James's on court days, and plumed himself not a little upon being so respectable a courtier. He was some time after at Windsor, when he was asked by a patient his address in town; to which he replied with disdain, 'To Doctor Misaubin, in the world.' He had, at length, wrought himself up to such a pitch of importance, from his acquaintance and connexions, that he thought it beneath him to be any longer a Walking-Doctor; and he therefore rolled in his chariot. One day, whilst he was at dinner at the Duke of Montague's, his Grace had employed a coach-painter to give a proper coat of arms to his carriage; he accordingly painted a patient receiving a clyster from the Doctor; and he traversed the whole town with this device on his carriage, without being able to guess what the spectators every where immoderately laughed at. Hogarth has introduced the Doctor's figure in the Harlot's Progress, in the place where she expires.

The Doctor made a will, and bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to his widow. This bequest got vent, and every body imagined the Doctor a man of great property; but it at length appeared that these twenty thousand pounds were not in specie,

specie, nor in paper, they consisted of twenty thousand pills, which he estimated at one pound each.

THE UNGENEROUS FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIPS, between persons of either sex, which seem to be the most promising ones, and which seem to bid fair for perpetuity, are sometimes weakened by unexpected incidents; and when a friendship is once considerably weakened, it generally hastens to a dissolution. Upon such an occasion the aggressing friend, if his sensibility has not been quite extinguished by his unjust resentment, will endeavour to heal the breach made by it; but on the other hand, his sensibility may prevent him from repairing the fault he has committed, by impelling him to shun the man whom he has injured. There have been men whose repentance, in consequence of their rashness, has driven them to despair; whose feelings, in the moment of desperation, have been fatal.

Harry Thomson and George Dawson, the sons of country gentlemen in the same part of England,

land, first became acquainted with each other by having been sent to the same university, and afterwards became very intimate friends from a general similitude in their dispositions.

When the two friends had finished their academical studies, they were separated for some years. Harry, in consequence of his father's being ordered to the waters of Bareges for his health, accompanied him to that fashionable (because foreign) watering-place ; and in consequence of his receiving benefit from his aquatic operations, left him there at his own request (though not without many hesitations) to make the tour of Italy. " You have often expressed a desire, my dear Harry, to set yourself upon classic ground ; and as the agreeable people we found in this house are going to Rome, you cannot, I think, do better than join their party ; especially as they have politely declared, that they shall think themselves happy with your company."

Harry, having a sincere regard for his father, started several objections to a proposal, with which, had he been perfectly recovered, he would have immediately closed. " I cannot think of leaving you, Sir, till your health is quite re-established."

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“It is now in so good a way, replied he, that you need not make yourself in the least uneasy about me ; therefore, prythee, Harry, prepare for your Italian journey.”

Harry's preparation's being finished, he set out with his agreeable party, and arrived at Rome, after a very pleasant expedition, rendered additionally so by the entertaining society of his companions. His arrival at Rome gave him double pleasure, as he had long wished, with all the ardour of a thorough-paced virtuoso, to pay a visit to a city which contained so magnificent a feast for the lettered mind. With a joy not to be expressed, to be felt only by the traveller of taste, he ranged from one museum to another, with his intelligent *Ciceroni* ; and while he hung over every precious remnant of antiquity, could not confine within his breast, the raptures with which it was agitated. His exclamations were frequent, spirited, and loud.

Harry, however, was not so far infatuated with his new situation as to forget his father. In the midst of his delicious engagements, in the centre of *virtu*, he was dutiful. He remembered his friend too, with whom he had punctually corresponded during his stay in France, and wrote often
to

to him from his Roman apartments. His father and his friend were very well pleased with the letters they received from him, but his fellow-travellers began to wish for more of his society than he choose to give them, (particularly one of them) who was considerably pained at his violent attachment to insensible objects."

Harry's fellow-travellers were a Mr. Mrs. and Miss Nicholls; as amiable a family as ever lived.

Maria Nicholls had soon after her meeting with Harry in France, found him necessary to her happiness; and flattered herself, from his attention to her there, that she had made the same impression upon his heart which he had upon her's; the tenderest that ever throbbed with love. Her natural delicacy prevented her from making any discoveries to her disadvantage; but the suppression of her feelings gave her an infinite deal of uneasiness: feelings which she was ashamed to disclose to her mother who continually (as both she and Mr. Nicholls were exceedingly concerned at her melancholy) urged her to communicate the cause of her dejection.

Mrs. Nicholls, at last, drew the long confined secret from her dejected daughter, and wished to see

see her restored to her former cheerfulness, by the return of the passion she felt for Mr. Thomson, whom she extremely approved of ; but neither she nor Mr. Nicholls, who approved of him also, knew well how to bring about the desirable event. The man on whom their daughter had set her heart, though he behaved in the politest, and most unexceptionable manner to her, discovered no tenderness in his behaviour, to induce them to believe that he was in love with her ; and they had too much pride to make the first overtures on her account, to any man. They were determined, therefore, to wait for a change in Thomson's behaviour, favourable to their Maria ; but in consideration of the anxiety which she endured from his apparent indifference, they encouraged him, as much as they could, without lessening themselves in their own eyes, to form an alliance with them.

While Maria's considerate parents were acting in this manner, and while she was, herself, sighing to find all their affectionate efforts unsuccessful, they were all under the greatest mistake with regard to Harry's behaviour. He was by no means the *indifferent* they supposed him to be. He was not entirely devoted to statues and pictures, to coins and jems, to manu-
scripts

scripts and medals. He was, indeed, sufficiently enamoured of Miss Nicholls to wish to be indissolubly united to her, but he choose first to be certain of her affection for him, before he asked his father's consent to make his addresses to her; and, secondly, to secure his consent before he discovered his affection for her.

A trifling incident, (from such incidents how many important events originate!) soon convinced him that his passion for Maria was amply returned. Transported at the discovery, but with difficulty keeping down his transporting sensations upon the occasion, he wrote immediately to his father to acquaint him with the situation of his heart, and to inform him that his future happiness depended on his marrying Miss Nicholls.—“ I have the strongest reasons, continued he, to believe that Miss Nicholls beholds me with partial eyes; but I will not, on any account, (availing myself of her partiality in my favour,) tell her what I feel for her, till I have your approbation of my choice. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls both seem to be very desirous of an alliance with our family; and I imagine, that with regard to birth, fortune, &c. no objections will be started on your side. By approving my choice, you will give me great pleasure; by permitting me to act agreeably

bly to it, you will make me the happiest of men. Till your answer to this letter arrives, I shall be on the rack of impatience : if it proves favourable to me, my felicity will be inexpressible ; but whatever may be your sentiments, about an affair in which I am so deeply interested, I shall remain always your dutiful and affectionate son."

In consequence of an answer from his father, which excited more pleasing sensations in his breast than he had ever felt before, he made his addressee to Miss Nicholls in form, met with a most gracious reception from her, and was already looked upon as their son-in-law by her parents.

Mr. Nicholls before this (not altogether unexpected) movement on young Thomson's part, had intended to return to England by sea ; he now told his daughter's delighted lover that he choose rather to go back to France, in order to settle every thing with his father relating to his marriage.—" When you have sufficiently gratified your curiosity, added he, in this bewitching place, I will wait on you with the greatest satisfaction."

Harry, in whom the virtuoso was now quite lost in the lover, immediately declared his readiness

diness to leave Italy the moment the preparations for their departure were completed.—“ Pray, Sir, let us proceed with the utmost expedition; for I am impatient to have every thing concluded, that I may be united to my amiable Maria by the strongest ties.”

Mr. Nicholls, grasping his hand, told him that he liked him the better for his eagerness to be related to his family, and then proceeded to make proper arrangement for his return to France. He was obliged, however, to change his plan of operation: he was obliged to return to England in order to take possession of a fortune bequeathed to him by a gentleman very distantly related to him, and to adjust some matters, arising from that gentleman's death, which required his presence. Being necessitated in a manner, therefore, to return to England, and chusing to take advantage of a ship's going to sail from Leghorn, with the captain of which he was intimately acquainted, he embarked with all his family without delay: but before his embarkation, he assured Harry in the strongest, in the sincerest terms, that he should be extremely glad to finish the business that had began on their meeting again (with Mrs. Nicholls) in D——shire.

Harry,

Harry, after having very affectionately bade his Maria adieu, and followed the vessel which conveyed her from him with his eyes, till he could no longer distinguish it from the surrounding element, made haste to quit a country for the beauties of which, natural and artificial, classical and uncommon, he had now lost all his relish. Such is the power, such the omnipotence of love.

As soon as he arrived at the house in which he had taken leave of his father, he approached him in the most respectful manner, and with the most filial expressions poured out his gratitude to him for having so kindly consented to his union with Miss Nicholls.

Mr. Thomson increased his son's happiness by his whole behaviour, at seeing him again after a long separation, as he thought it; and when he was acquainted with the motions of the Nicholls's, said to him, clapping him on the shoulder,—“ Well, Harry, we shall be with them in a little while, I trust; I find myself perfectly recovered, thank God, of the disorder for which the waters here were thought salutary by Dr. L——, and hope to set out for Calais in less than four-and-twenty hours.”

Henry's

Harry's looks plainly discovered the joy which the concluding words of his father's speech had given him, and they both prepared with equal satisfaction, though not with similar feelings, to remove themselves from France.

While Harry was situated in France, George Dawson, having seen Miss Nicholls at a ball at D——, and danced with her, without knowing of her attachment to his friend, found her so agreeable to him, that he determined to make his addresses to her. He was now, by the death of his father, in the possession of his paternal estate, and he was vain enough of his person, accomplishments, and fortune, to imagine an offer of his hand would be gladly accepted, he had no idea of its being rejected: he was, therefore, extremely shocked when Miss Nicholls told him very coolly (not being in the least charmed with his appearance or behaviour) though she had *walked* a minuet with him, that she was *engaged*.

Mortified at her refusal, doubly mortified by the manner in which she refused him; he left her extremely out of humour. He left her considerably chagrined at her behaviour, but with no abatement of his passion for her: nor did he feel any inclination to relinquish his pretensions to her,

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when he heard soon afterwards that she had promised her hand to his friend, and that she only waited for his return to England to put herself legally under his protection, with the thorough approbation of her own and of his relations.

George finding his passion for Miss Nichols increased by the obstacles which prevented the accomplishment of his desires, (desires which he should have endeavoured to suppress, though they were not actually criminal ones, as he wished not to gratify them in an unlawful way, because Maria was not only pre-engaged, but engaged to his friend) availed himself of every art in his power to shake her attachment to her lover, and even went so far as to take steps to convince her that he was false, that he, consequently, could not make her his wife. All his arts, however, were unsuccessful: Maria could not give credit to any reports injurious to the man on whose fidelity she had the firmest reliance.

George, driven almost to despair by the continual failure of his attempts to make Maria give up his rival, formed a scheme to get her into his power by surprize, and to force her to marry him; but before he could carry his design into execution, Harry arrived.

George

George was so enraged when he heard of his friend's arrival, as he knew that he would soon falsify all the reports (some of them of a very irritating nature) which he had circulated to his disadvantage, that he was ready to quarrel with the person who gave him the unwelcome information.

Harry, on his arrival, flew on the wings of love, to his amiable mistress, and she received him with a delight which filled him with the most pleasing sensations. The first interview between them was of that kind which is only to be felt, and to be felt only by such lovers. When it was over, Maria, withdrawing herself from his arms, asked him if he was really as glad to see her as he pretended to be; if his tender expressions were as sincere as he assured her they were.

Harry looked very much surprised at the delivery of those unexpected questions, and begged to know, with a face whimsically astonished, what she meant, as her words were quite enigmatical.

She then told him all that passed since her arrival in England, between her and Mr. Dawson. Her intelligence made him more attached to her than ever, but it snapped that friendship asunder
which

which had for many years subsisted between him and George. He determined, in the first hurry of his resentment, to go immediately in search of his false friend, to call him to an account for his accusations, equally unjust and injurious, and to make him either sign a disavowal of them, or give him the personal satisfaction of a gentleman.

George, conscious of having behaved in a manner not to be defended, carefully avoided every place where he thought he should, probably, see the man whom he had grossly injured.

Harry called at his house several times, but he was never admitted. The frequent disappointments which he met, began to chagrin him exceedingly, as he was frequently pretty sure that George was at home, and denied himself. His repeated disappointments, however, did not render him less resolved to get at the sight of him. By the operation of an irresistible *douceur*, on a new servant, he gained admittance one night, and surprized him sitting very composedly by the fire side, in a meditating attitude.

The sudden appearance of the only person in the world whom he wished not at that time to behold

behold, threw George's spirits into a violent agitation. He turned about briskly towards him, but not being able to bear his reproachful looks, averted his face, as if he was oppressed with shame. He was, indeed, at that moment covered with shame, and smarting with remorse.

Harry roused him from his oppressed state, by charging him with the baseness of his behaviour to his friend, even while he made the strongest professions of friendship in his letters, and required him to give him satisfaction either with his pen or his sword.

To the satisfaction of the pen, George would by no means submit.

"Take your sword then," said Harry, "there it lies, (pointing to a chair, and drawing his own at the same time) if you are not a coward, stand upon your defence."

George, after a short pause, replied, "I have used you extremely ill, Harry, and I sincerely repent of what I have said against you, I cannot consent to give you the satisfaction you demand, but if you will stay here a few moments, I will convince you that I am no *coward*."

While

While he was speaking the last word with a particular emphasis, he retired to an adjoining closet, and shot himself.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE,

RELATING TO

THE FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

When he was Lord Cavendish.

THIS year (1669) my lord accompanied Mr. Montague (afterwards duke of Montague) in his embassy to France, where an affair happened, which might have had very dangerous consequence, but our young lord behaved in so noble a manner, that every circumstance of it sets his personal character in the most amiable light.

He had received an affront at the opera, in Paris, by some officers of the guard, who as it is said were in liquor, and one of them having particularly insulted him, his lordship, in return, struck him on the face: upon which, four or five of them all drew their swords, and fell on him at once.

once. Unterrified at so unequal a combat, he made a very gallant defence, yet he received several wounds, and must have been overpowered by his cowardly adversaries, had not a brave Swiss, a domestic belonging to Mr. Montague, caught him up in his arms, and thrown him into the pit. The flesh of his arm, however, by the fall, was torn by one of the iron spikes of the orchestra, which left a scar, that was visible to the day of his death. This brave action was reported all over Europe, as much to the honour of my lord, as to the disgrace of the aggressors. That great and able minister, Sir William Temple, was at this time, the English ambassador in Holland, and did, by an elegant letter, compliment his lordship upon it, by which it sufficiently appeared, that Sir William thought that his spirit and behaviour on that occasion were even of national importance, as it gave the French the highest idea of the English courage. Still it must be observed, that the French king, when he was informed of this matter, ordered the offenders to be imprisoned.

THE

THE HUMBLE FRIEND.

A MORAL TALE.

WHILE he was figuring away with great *eclat* at Southhampton during a full season Mr. Nicholson, a very eminent merchant, received an express from his partner in London, which brought him the most unwelcome intelligence. It informed him, that by the failure of a capital house in Spain, with which he had considerable connections, he had been obliged to stop payment.

This blow was severely felt by Mr. Nicholson, still more by his young, handsome, haughty wife, who, childishly fond of splendour, and parade, and intoxicated with the magnificent appearance her liberal husband enabled her to make, could not bear the thoughts of being driven from the sphere of life in which she had, ever since her marriage, rolled with increasing lustre. When the melancholy news was first communicated to her by Mr. Nicholson himself, and in a manner which plainly discovered how deeply he was affected by it, she fainted. As soon she recovered, she begged to be removed immediately from a place

place where she could no longer shine with any propriety. Her request was very readily complied with. Mr. Nicholson, indeed, found it absolutely necessary to return to London with the utmost expedition.

On his arrival in town, he found his creditors very willing to behave to him in the genteelst way ; but the new arrangements he was obliged to make in his house-hold hurt his pride so much, that he fell into a state of despondence : to raise his spirits he had recourse to his bottle, and by frequent applications to that *false friend*, in the hour of dejection, destroyed his constitution.

Mrs. Nicholson, finding herself in very narrow circumstances at her husband's death, was, in consequence of these circumstances, a disconsolate widow. She never had felt any personal regard for Mr. Nicholson ; she had given him her hand, on his falling desperately in love with her, entirely with a view to be mistress of his fortune—she had no desire to be mistress of his heart ; she only availed herself of his violent passion for her to gain a pontifical power over his purse. It was not, therefore, the *generous husband*, but the *opulent merchant*, whom she lamented. Greatly indebted as she had been to his extravagant attachment to

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her for the pleasure she enjoyed resulting from appearance, she only regretted her loss on a lucrative account.

Straightened in her circumstances, and internally as proud as she had been in the height of her prosperity, Mrs. Nicholson keenly endured all that kind of mortification which proud people naturally feel when they cannot, from a change in their affairs, support the figure to which they have been long accustomed. She was doubly mortified by the visits of condolence which she received from many of her female friends and acquaintance. However, as she had as much cunning as most of her sex, and a head fertile in expedients, she determined to accommodate her behaviour to her new situation. She had always been a woman remarkable for her address; she now took more pains than ever to render herself agreeable to those with whom she conversed, and was not a little pleased to find that her mock humility, by flattering the pride of many ladies whom she had formerly visited quite upon an equal footing, seemed to promise her the advantages she hoped to derive from it.

Among the ladies whom she singled out as objects particularly worthy of her attention, a
Mrs.

Mrs. Matthews appeared to her the most likely to forward her designs, as she had with a large fortune, a very weak understanding: but it was a soliloquy of hers she overheard, one day, while she was waiting in an apartment, at [her house, adjoining to her dressing room, which induced her to reckon upon the gratifications of her ambitious wishes.

“Upon my word, Mrs. Nicholson has behaved very prettily ever since she has been a widow, and acts prodigious proper, considering the smallness of her income. I have a great mind to take her down with me into the country: it will be a pretty airing for her, and save her money: besides, I shall have the pleasure to let all my neighbours see the woman who was once as fine as myself in the character of a humble friend.”

Mrs. Nicholson having her sentiments with regard to Mrs. Matthews's understanding sufficiently confirmed by this soliloquy, threw an additional quantity of humility into her deportment, upon her coming into the room to her, and by a succession of well-timed speeches, which “ran trippingly off the tongue,” secured the desired invitation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Matthews was a maiden lady between forty and fifty years; in her manners between fifteen and twenty. She was a very shewey, good-looking woman: she had been, probably, reckoned handsome in the days of her youth: they certainly, by the effort she made to set off her face and figure to the greatest advantage, thoroughly convinced the most careless *spectator formarum*, that she had not given up, in her own mind, all pretensions to admiration. She was, indeed, extremely vain of her external charms, and was perpetually talking of the great offers she had refused, because she was always particularly nice in her men.

The violent propensity which Mrs. Matthews glaringly discovered to be admired was considered by Mrs. Nicholson as an excellent foundation for her to build upon; she, therefore, very judiciously pointed her principal battery, from which she expected the most execution to be done, against the weakest side of her character. By the most artful eulogiums on her personal attractions, she made so rapid a progress in her favour, before she had lived a month under roof, that she very much alarmed her nieces. They were alarmed at their aunt's increasing coolness to them; they beheld

beheld Mrs. Nicholson with envious, malignant eyes, and though they could not find the smallest fault with her behaviour, as she was at all times so humble, so obliging, and so ready to make herself, in any shape, serviceable, they heartily wished that she never had been taken into the house.

The alarms of the two girls produced apprehensions, and those apprehensions naturally prompted them to think of ejecting a formidable rival. They laid their little heads together (they were very young, and knew nothing of the world,) in order to rout her. With the assistance of some misses in the neighbourhood, their constant companions, but not more shrewd than themselves, they hatched a plot, and proceeded, flushed with hope, to action. They proceeded, however, with so marvellous a want of that sort of dexterity, vulgarly called cunning, that the very methods they took to remove the dreaded favourite, fixed her more firmly in her seat.

Mrs. Nicholson having discovered the plot formed against her, and prevented the execution of it, secretly vowed revenge against the principal contrivers of it; but did not make the least alteration in her behaviour to them. She
even

even redoubled her civilities to them, so that, though they were disappointed by the failure of their designs, they did not imagine they were defeated by her: they attributed their disappointment to the unfortunate miscarriage of the letter which was addressed to their aunt in a hand totally unknown to her, and not to its being intercepted by the sagacity and vigilance of the *humble friend*.

Lucy and Letitia Dobson were not bad girls, but they were indiscreet ones: being just arrived at a marriageable age, and having, both of them, amorous propensities, they could not help giving themselves a few coquettish airs whenever any of the young gentlemen belonging to an academy not far from their aunt's house came in their sight: Mrs. Matthews had often corrected them for their strong attachment to a window commanding the garden, in which the academicians had recourse to various amusements when they were not at their studies; but her corrections only served to render them more desirous of a close conference with their distant admirers.

The discovery of an assignation made by the two sisters, furnished Mrs. Nicholson with a fair opportunity to remove them intirely out of her way.

way. Not satisfied with acquainting Mrs. Matthews with the indiscretions of her nieces, she resolved to make her an eye-witness of them.—Early, one morning she carried her to the *prohibited* window.

Mrs. Matthews seeing, by the light of an *unlucky moon*, her nieces, in very familiar attitudes with a couple of smart young fellows, *protested* that they should not sleep another night in *her* house.—Dying, in a few weeks after their expulsion, she left her whole fortune to her *humble friend*.

ON THE
VICE OF SWEARING.

THE great pleasure I have received from perusing the works of eminent men, and the fame which they have deservedly acquired by their literary merit, make me desirous, though but a young man, of endeavouring to imitate them: and the best method to arrive at excellence in any pursuit, is to begin early. It is surely the business of every individual to endeavour

your

vour to do as much good to the rest of his fellow creatures as lies in his power ; and, if possible, to prevent them from falling into error, or to reclaim them, if they have fallen.

The business of this essay is to declaim against the crime of swearing. You will be surprized that any one should attempt to say any thing on a subject about which so much has been already written, and apparently with so little effect. But it is a particular species of this crime against which I am going to write ; namely, wantonly denouncing judgments against innocent creatures, and wishing for great evils to fall upon those who never injured them but in idea, and even those supposed injuries very trivial.

Swearing of every kind is a very heinous offence : it is an offence against God and religion, an offence as weak as it is unaccountable ; for it is a vice that can be of no real use or advantage, but on the contrary, may be productive of very bad and dangerous effects to the offender, both here and hereafter, as it is expressly forbid by the commandment of the SUPREME BEING. Odious as this vice must appear to every calm and considerate mind, yet when a man curses an innocent person with all the barbarity (for I can
call

call it by no gentler name,) of an infidel; nay, perhaps he wishes for evils to fall upon a friend whom, when he is cool, he loves with very great affection. Even our most sensible and learned men are guilty of this error; and the reflection in their cooler moments must surely be very sharp and poignant. For such men there is less excuse than for the common people, as they have had all the advantages of a good education, they have had it in their power to separate truth from error, and to embrace the best and most inviting of the two. If they would only reflect on the degree of guilt they incur, the dangers which they run by persevering in this crime, they would soon be convinced of the impropriety of their behaviour, and loath themselves for their conduct. By denouncing judgments they circumscribe the power of the ALMIGHTY, they set bounds to his mercy and goodness, and prescribe rules for his conduct in the punishment of his creatures. How impious and ridiculous such a behaviour is need not be insisted on.

Let those who act thus wickedly take care that their CREATOR, tired with their many provocations, do not turn those evils which they wish may fall upon others, on themselves.

DISAPPOINTED PRIDE.

WHEN a man's sufferings arise from the bad dispositions of his own heart ; when in the height of prosperity he is rendered miserable solely by disappointed pride, every ordinary motive for communication ceases. The violence of anguish drives him to confess a passion which renders him odious, and a weakness which renders him despicable. In the eye of his family, every man wishes to appear respectable, and to cover from their knowledge whatever may vilify or degrade him. Attacked or reproached abroad, he consoles himself with his importance at home ; and in domestic attachment and respect, seeks for some compensation for the injustice of the world. But the torments this folly occasions, forces him to break through all restraints, and publish his shame before those, from whom all men seek most to hide it.

All the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found by far less pungent than those which such guilty passions dart into the heart. But those disorders, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They pene-

penetrate to the very seat of sensation, and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture.

THE
TEMPLE OF NATURE AND FORTUNE.

A VISION.

HAVING a few nights ago spent the evening in some company, where our discourse turned on the uncertain, unfuitable, and seemingly unjust distribution of the gifts of fortune observable among mankind; when I came home and went to bed, I fell presently asleep; and as our waking thoughts often influence the ideas we have when sleeping, I found myself at the porch of what I imagined to be a large temple; my curiosity led me into it, and I was soon convinced there were two temples, the one beyond the other, and only separated by a large and long passage. At the upper end of the first temple, was seated a woman almost naked, but very graceful, of a mild and humane aspect, and whom, had she not had her name written on her breast. I

should immediately have known to be NATURE. To her, a vast crowd of people, wherewith the place was filled, and who were passing forwards to get into the second temple, first of all made their applications. On those she seemed to dispense her favours pretty equally, giving to every one some particular talent, but at the same time joining some particular vice or folly to it; by which means the generality of people were rendered nearly on an equality by her; after this dispensation of her favours, they were delivered up to the care of a beautiful woman, who stood on her right hand, and on whose forehead were written the words, GOOD EDUCATION. She, like a kind and tender mother, gave them instructions, from time to time, how to make the best use of the good qualities bestowed on them by NATURE, conducted them through the passage which was called CHILDHOOD, and then left them at liberty to make use of, or deviate from, her rules as they thought fit. At NATURE's left hand stood another woman, with a pale haggard countenance, whose constitution seemed worn out by depraved appetites and vicious indulgences; she was, however, very gaily dressed, and by her insinuating behaviour, and pretended, kindnesses, drew many aside. Her name was BAD EDUCATION. She, in opposition to the
former

former in every thing, suggested continually to her votaries, the many pleasures they might enjoy, and the many advantages they might devise from the free gratification of all their natural vices, and endeavour to stifle in them the slightest recollection of those virtues which NATURE had, at the same time bestowed upon them.

I went through this passage with the rest of the company, and was brought by it into the second temple, which was that of FORTUNE; at the farther end of this temple, at a very great height above the ground, the goddess was seated, blindfolded, and having near her a machine resembling a lottery-wheel, which she continually turned round, and drew out of it preferments, riches, and honours, which she gave away promiscuously, as the crowd could come to receive them. The apparent way to her seat, was a very broad, but steep and slippery ascent, which was called MERIT. Many people laboured to get up this way, but often slipped and were disappointed. I was very much surprized to see several at the top, receiving the gifts which FORTUNE drew from her wheel, whom I had not observed to pass up this hill: the mystery, however, was soon explained, for as I cast my eyes downwards, I perceived three little wickets at the
bottom

bottom of the slope, over which was inscribed,
 “GOOD-LUCK, INTEREST, and BRIBERY.”

Through these many people passed, and were carried up by a private stairs, that went winding underneath the hill. The two last were much more crowded than the first, through which those who passed seemed to hurry along without knowing whither they were going; and appeared surprised when they found themselves the favourites of FORTUNE, contrary to all probability, and by the same means that had proved the ruin of others. But it was amusing enough, after having remarked the several courses taken by different people, to observe the impropriety of the benefits bestowed on them; for though many produced the gifts with which they had been endowed by NATURE, as recommendations to entitle them to those of FORTUNE, very little regard seemed to be paid to them. Those favours, which were gained by way of GOOD-LUCK, were some properly and some improperly disposed of. Those come at through the wicket of INTEREST were, most of them, ridiculously distributed. In passing through this way, cowards became admirals, or generals of armies; the nephew of a noble lord, who had idly run out of his own estate, was placed at the head of an office, where
 he

he became entrusted with the management of the public money ; the brother of another, who had spent part of his life in all kinds of vice and debauchery, entered into holy orders, had a rich benefice bestowed upon him, and set himself up for a reformer of manners. In short, I observed that whoever could get through this lucky passage, might be Judge, Bishop, Secretary of State, Ambassador, or almost what he pleased, without any other qualification.

But the most unfuitable, as well as the most dangerous to mankind, were those who came through the BRIBERY WICKET, which stood always open, and led to a very dark and dirty passage, where the crowds that entered, shuffling on through thick and thin, giving money with one hand, and receiving it with the other, till they got up to the throne of FORTUNE. I observed some great men, who had been formerly very eloquent in praise of cleanliness, whose hands and faces were so begrimed, and in so offensive a condition with scrambling through the filthy way, that I believe not all the waters in the ocean could ever wash them clean again. Yet with all this nastiness about them, they were preferred by FORTUNE, to the highest dignities in church and state. It was observable, however, that when
some

some had received any considerable gifts of FORTUNE, by what means soever they were obtained, a crowd of others were constantly following, sometimes fawning on them, and at other times jostling them, with an intention of robbing them of what they had got ; which, if all other means failed, they would commonly effect by placing stumbling-blocks in the way, not to be avoided without the utmost care and circumspection. So that prime ministers, generals of armies, and favourites of princes, had their heels tripped up, and were tumbled down the steep ascent by these people, not without having their necks greatly endangered. The most provoking sight was to behold some, who being arrived, with much pain, near the summit, by the road of MERIT, and just on the point of receiving the reward due to their virtue and assiduity, were disappointed at last ; having it snatched from them by worthless upstarts, who had got thither before them, by one of the more easy, but less honourable ways. Some, indeed, succeeded in their attempts that way, and made glorious figures and becoming patterns of true worth, in those posts they had so well deserved, and so justly obtained. These examples, however, were too rare to encourage my weak deserts to attempt that road ; I therefore endeavoured to make my way to the wicket
of

of GOOD-LUCK, and met with success. Being arrived at the top, I thought that a very considerable employment was conferred on me by the blind goddess; but on my turning suddenly back, one of those who were coming thro' the Interest passage, bustling to get the next favour which FORTUNE presented, gave me, in his hurry, so violent a push, that I tumbled down the stairs: the force of the fall awaked me—Baffled in the midst of all my airy hopes, I found myself lying on my humble bed, in a back garret—

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

ODE TO SPRING.

ENCHANTING goddess! blooming Spring!
 Thy blest return again I sing,
 Again with grateful heart aspire
 To wake the long-neglected lyre.

While southern climes thy presence claim'd,
 Dull Winter's dreary sway we blam'd;
 No flow'rets bloom'd along the green,
 Nor nymphs, nor piping swains were seen;

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The Loves and Graces fled the bowers,
 Dark Fear and haggard Care were ours;
 The trees that erst in verdure clad,
 Shorn of thy livery, droop'd full sad,
 And in remembrance of the past,
 Sigh'd piteous to the ruffian blast;
 Their feather'd tenants ceas'd the lay,
 And feebly hopp'd along the spray;
 The brooks in icy fetters bound,
 No longer murmur'd o'er the ground;
 Nor chearful plough the fallow turn'd,
But universal Nature mourn'd.

At thy approach, O radiant queen!
 How great the change! how sweet the scene!
 The shivering tempest leaves the plain,
 The wither'd landscape smiles again!
 The flow'rets bloom along the green,
 The nymphs and piping swains are seen;
 The Loves and Graces haunt the bowers,
 Young Hope and broad-fac'd Mirth are ours;
 The trees again in verdure clad,
 Now proudly spreading, seem full glad,
 And all around the whitening blooms,
 The breathing Zephyrs waft perfumes;
 Their feather'd tenants wake the lay,
 And joyful hop from spray to spray;
 The

The brooks from icy fetters free,
 Again resume their murm'ring glee ;
 The chearful plough pale want beguiles ;
And universal Nature smiles.

AN ELECTION ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman who had represented a market-town in Y——e, at a late election, summoned his constituents, and frankly told them, “ that whatever notions might be entertained of Mr. F— and his party, he was a friend to their principles, and should adhere to them till he was convinced they were inconsistent with the good of the community.”

The electors as freely told the candidate, “ they utterly disapproved of his conduct, and were determined to choose a representative, whose opinions were conformable to their own.” “ And is this your resolution ? ” — “ Certainly.” — “ Remember, Gentlemen, your Wednesday market is held upon my ground, and you can occupy it no longer than my pleasure will allow ; if you reject me,

me, depend upon it I will *eject* you, so consider what you are doing."

The good folks felt the force of the argument; and were obliged to elect a member they did not approve.

This is not *bribery*—but certainly we may call it *compulsion*.

ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER.

A QUAKER invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, infomuch that the quaker's *patience* was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—"Friend, I have given thee a meat-offering, a drink-offering, and a burnt-offering, and for thy misconduct I will give thee—a *heave-offering*:" and immediately threw him into the street out of the *parlour window*!

NAVAL

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN Lord Cranstone took possession of the Ville de Paris, and which, by the bye, was suffered to deny the surrender till the evening, lest the rest of the fleet, seeing their commander strike, should strike also—when Lord Cranstone went upon that duty he endeavoured to make it as little disagreeable as he could to the French Admiral, with the most thoughtful consideration, and mildest manners, enquiring into his wants and wishes, and urging him to take refreshment and repose: the conduct of the Comte de Grasse was, on the contrary, cold and thankless: he said he had given orders for a meal, and he should go and take it; and then, leaving his Lordship without farther ceremony, summoned his officers to his table. Lord Cranstone was rather piqued, but probably gave no indication of his feelings; however, after waiting some little time, and in vain, for the usual ceremonial of his officers being invited by the Comte de Grasse to supper, the whole of the affair taken together seemed to form a cognizable object of provocation, and, as such, of course, demanded suitable resentment. Lord Cranstone accordingly interfered, and having an explanation with the Comte de

de Grasse, directed him not to begin supper till the English officers had previously been supplied with some small part; adding, that for his own accommodation, his Lordship should be studiously not impatient; he should wait and take things as he found them.

The reflection which arises from the anecdote is this, that the "*Decorum Honestum*" is understood in Britain, that the virtuous graces are not unallied to her arms; and that without detracting from the behaviour of the French in many instances of the war, and which, in respect to Captain Cooke, at Eustatia, and to Lord Cornwallis, was gallant and noble; yet that, often out-general'd, the French are sometimes out-gentleman'd by the English.

An ACCOUNT of the profligate LIVES and remarkably miserable DEATHS of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Quality and his TUTOR, both ATHEISTS.

AS this history is true, we shall conceal the names of his family, some being now living, and call the subject of this relation APISTUS;
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It is sufficient to say, that he was born of pious parents, who gave him an education suitable to his birth, which was far from being despicable. His genius was very promising, and his inclinations for some time seemed to be bent on virtuous pursuits, his parents indulged him in every innocent amusement, and pleased themselves with the hopes of his making a considerable figure in adult life. He followed his studies with a great deal of application, till he was fourteen years of age, in which time he had made himself a tolerable proficient in the Roman and Greek languages: he had a great deal of wit and vivacity in his discourse, and was the admiration of the neighbourhood where he dwelt. He continued at home under the care of a private tutor, till he was eighteen years of age, when his parents proposed to let him travel, the better to polish his manners, and improve the instructions he had already received. The proposal was so very acceptable to the young gentleman, that he not only consented to it with a great deal of pleasure, but begged his departure might be as soon as possible.

His tutor agreed to accompany him, and every thing being shortly prepared, they set out from Dover for Calais, where they arrived in safety and health. As they travelled about from one place

place to another, and lived in a polite and genteel manner, Apistus was highly delighted that he had left his country. It frequently happens that we soon imbibe the vices of the nation where we live, of which this history is an undeniable evidence. The instructor of this youth was a disguised villain, and had more pleasure in the gratification of his lust, than in the service of God: and that he might the more easily work upon the mind of his unguarded, though hitherto innocent pupil, whom he found to be a necessary friend to maintain him in his present circumstances, he consults with a mistress whom he privately supported, which way was the best and most promising to compass his design. Ready at invention, she tells him, love must do it; and withal acquainted him, that a female friend of her character would certainly lay the scheme so well, as not to fail of success. The contrivance was soon settled by these diabolical counsellors, and the method of execution was this; that this young fiend should dress herself in her best apparel, and be walking in a particular place, where Apistus and his tutor resorted every evening for the benefit of the air. The next night was appointed for this purpose, when about the usual time of their walking, they repaired to the wonted place of retirement. Apistus as they were going
along

along asked his tutor his sentiments concerning love, and told him he had very different ideas of that passion, to what he formerly had, by reading a romance of that kind. No news could have been more joyful to his instructor, who did not fail to expatiate on its irresistible power ; told him that the heathen deities are represented as being concerned with mortals ; instanced Solomon for his amours, as well as a great number of other renowned persons. This conversation was highly agreeable to Apistus, whose mind was before tainted with impure thoughts. By this time the *dæmon* appeared, and passed by with a great deal of seeming modesty ; but no sooner had this unhappy youth cast his eyes towards her, than his heart was presently inflamed, and he remained almost motionless with pleasing surprise,

His tutor, like a cunning deceiver, asked him what caused the alteration in his countenance ; and after a great deal of conversation, he told him, he could not possibly live without that beautiful person which had just now passed by them. To which the other replied, "time would certainly wear off the slight impression, but if not, there would be ways and means to bring them acquainted." Upon this they returned home ; but Apistus could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for

the thoughts of this *false charmer*. In short, his ruin was very soon accomplished ; for no sooner had he enjoyed the short-lived pleasures of vice, by the assistance of his tutor, who was equally profligate, than they both abandoned themselves to all manner of debaucheries ; contemning and violating the sacred laws of heaven, and treating God, and goodness, with scorn ; and as they observed the notorious impositions of the popish priests towards ignorant people, they concluded religion to be no more than a juggle, maintained and carried on in the world for secular interest and advantage. In short, the deity they had long denied by their practices, they now dared to blaspheme with their impious tongues ; disputing the existence of either GOD, HEAVEN, or HELL ; laughed at the notions of spirits, and concluded themselves a sort of superior brutes ; they argued matter to be eternal, and that every thing everlastingly existed by continual succession from one age to another ; and as they esteemed a future state of being but an idle traditional tale, they improved (as they called it) the short moments of a transitory precarious life, in the most agreeable manner they were capable of ; for as they should perish with the beasts, they would pursue the fleeting joys of life while they lasted. But as luxury naturally tends to break the constitution,

and

and destroy health, so it happened to the tutor of Apistus, whose strength daily impaired, and his flesh wasted away in so uncommon a manner, that in a few days his body was but a mere skeleton; and in about a week after this, death seemed to advance apace, and the night before he expired, when several of his acquaintance came to visit him in his disorder, they asked him, whether he believed a future state now? whether he now thought there was a God? upon which he was thrown into such an horrible agony, howling and shrieking, that it struck a terror on all that were present; and when he came a little to himself, he spoke to the following purpose; “ My friends, you have asked me a question, that I can now answer; I feel the horrors of a guilty conscience. I feel the power of an avenging God; but let not people talk of their ability to repent, I find none: my heart is hardened, I cannot believe; I am now added to that cursed miserable number, who blaspheme God day and night. My hell is within me, and I wish to be discharged from life, and be doomed to those horrible regions, where, perhaps, damnation is more tolerable.” With these words he expired; and though his death seemed to strike an awe into the minds of some present, yet it had no effect upon Apistus, who was rather more hardened than before; and continued in the full
swing

swing of his wicked pursuits, till a remarkable judgment of heaven took him out of the world. As he was riding out one day with some of his companions, his horse threw him off, and before they could give him any assistance, kicked out his bowels, and he had only just time to say "I am damned;" and then expired.

CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

THRICE happy, indeed, may those be pronounced whom the conjugal link closely unites. Harmony and friendship render their domestic habitation an elysium, where joy, unalloyed with care, is mutual. Even the misfortunes and evils, accidental to mankind are alleviated by participation in this feat of matrimonial felicity. Their offspring are the pledges of connubial bliss, and bring to the parents' memory the pleasing imagination of scenes of transport and hopes of future joy. And shall any individual trample upon these holy rites, and with impious audacity violate the most sacred and divine laws, by attempting to seduce the affections of either party? Shall such a character escape with impunity? The one who attempts to seduce, the other who is weak enough to be seduced, are both to blame. Weak must he be, who voluntarily exchanges conjugal felicity, ratified and enjoyed by divine command, for illicit pleasure with a woman, whom, in his
rational

rational reflecting moments, he must detest. In the mean time his amiable and unfortunate wife pines away in wretched solitude. Her cup of pleasure has been suddenly dashed to the ground. The conjugal and holy rites have been violated. Her offspring is a sad memento of her former happiness, and brings to her recollection the features of her once beloved, and equally fond husband. The too wretched and inconsiderate man must remember that such things were, and those most dear to him. Once it was in thy power to enjoy happiness, but the time is gone by. No more shall that peace of mind, arising from a quiet conscience, armed with integrity, return to thy possession. Thou hast indulged in a lawless passion too long to be happy. Had an early repentance incited thee to the practice of virtue, happiness was within thy reach. But the hour is past—and at the point of death the excruciating thought of having brought misery to thyself, and the recollection that far different might have been the hours of approaching dissolution, and how wretched thou hast left thy once beloved and innocent partner and children, must oppress thee with the utmost horror; at that moment death, although much to be dreaded, will be welcome.

“ Afraid to die, yet more afraid to live.”

Such

Such is the depravity of the age, so vitiated is the mind, that the opinion of the Roman poet of his countrymen, may be applied with propriety to the present time.

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores.*

At least, if daily instances of nuptial infidelity, and those of the most heinous kind are to be enrolled among the catalogue of vices, and such they certainly are of the most iniquitous tendency; divorcements are casualties which so frequently happen in these days, that we expect to find them in a public print as regularly as the account of marriages and deaths. It is painful to reflect upon this universal species of immorality; who, then, set the example? those very persons, who, from their rank and fortune alone, have influence among the more subordinate class of people. Look among the exalted stations in life, and the lover of virtue will shrink with abhorrence from the scene. Nobility, *princely* pride, what are ye, without virtue! It is reputation, which is not to be bought with wealth, in as much as it is superior to it, it is felicity originating from an internal source, which is not to be obtained but from upright morals and integrity, which enhance these

these gifts of fortune. *Princes*, indeed, are unhappy, who do not hear the truth; it is not so in this country;—the public will speak out—neither are they deterred through servile fear, nor blinded by the dazzling splendour of situation; and they speak the truth in an open manner, which commands attention and respect. Let the man, be he ever so exalted, regard the anger and censure of the people. He who will disgrace himself, and is a public character, is the more imprudent, as being the more liable to observation and detection, than the man who moves in the middle spheres of life; although the laws may not reach him, popular censure will;—he cannot escape this, as little as he can the reflections of an upbraiding and diseased mind.

“Therein the patient must minister unto himself.”

THE GIPSY.

A MORAL TALE.

NUMBERLESS are the complaints against deceit; but were we not sometimes deceived, we should find ourselves, perhaps, in very unhappy situations.

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By happening to spend a few weeks together, one summer, at the house of a lady in the country, with whom they were both intimately acquainted, Miss Beverton and Miss Martin, became so fond of each others company, that a violent friendship commenced between them.

These two young ladies, being summoned about the same time, by their respective parents, from Middleton-hall, who lived many miles from that place, and in different counties, separated with no small reluctance, but, with their concluding adieus, mutually promised to keep up a most friendly correspondence with their pens.

Few female friends were more firmly attached to each other than Emily Beverton and Lucy Martin; their attachment indeed was rather remarkable, as their souls were not quite congenial.

They were both very good-natured, and were, in general, pleased with the same pursuits: they both preferred a country life to a town one; but here was the principal line of discrimination: Emily, though she was a warm admirer of the beauties of nature, and enjoyed "each rural sight, each rural sound," with a degree of enthusiasm, had

had no relish for rural sports—she took no pleasure in a hunting or a shooting party, nor did a fishing scheme ever give her any satisfaction. Angling, as a quiet amusement, suited her temper extremely; but from a foolish sensibility, operating with too much force to be subdued, she could not help thinking that there was some cruelty mixed with the composure of it.

Lucy, on the other hand, had none of that kind of sensibility by which her friend's heart was softened in favour of the animal creation. She would clear a five-barred gate with the most daring-fox hunter in England; she had an excellent shot, and, on many occasions, discovered more masculine than feminine propensities. However, with all these constitutional deviations from the female character, she had a heart feelingly alive to the joys, and to the griefs of her fellow-creatures; and had, indeed, a number of qualities which did her honour as a woman. Her understanding was not a first rate, nor was she of a literary turn, yet she acquitted herself with much propriety in every circle, from the goodness of her natural parts, and often threw out lively strokes which gained her considerable credit.

Emily was quite a female character, and as she had improved her mind by reading the best authors in the English language, she was able to make a more brilliant figure in a literary assembly than her friend.

With regard to their persons they were nearly on a par: among beauties they were not immediately noticed, but even from them they had frequently the pleasure of drawing their admirers, by certain charms, which though not dazzling, are rarely to be resisted.

Beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the *agreeable* strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Soon after the female friends had exchanged about half a dozen affectionate epistles, they broke off their correspondence, but in the most amicable manner imaginable. This breach was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Martin. Lucy, on the decease of her mother, pressed her friend Emily, with so much earnestness, to come and stay with her, that she found herself very unwilling to oppose her inclination; yet at the same time could not bring herself to comply with her desire
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till she had consulted her parents, and obtained, not only their permission, but their free consent.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverton being very considerate parents, very indulgent ones indeed, readily consented to their daughter's going to administer consolation to Miss Martin, whose situation they pitied, justly conceiving, that she would be deeply affected by the loss she had sustained, if she was properly sensible of it.

The arrival of Emily was highly agreeable to her Lucy, who welcomed her dear friend in the most cordial manner. While they were taking a walk one morning in a neighbouring field, they heard, on a sudden, a deep groan. They were at once moved and alarmed; however, their compassion urged them to proceed with quickened steps towards the part of the field from which they thought the melancholy sound issued.

As soon as they had turned the corner of a separating hedge, they beheld the handsomest young fellow they had ever seen, upon the ground, apparently, from the contortions of his body, in extreme pain.—At the sight of such an object, in such a situation, their compassion was increased; but they knew not, at first, how to make themselves

selves of service to him. While they were in the midst of a colloquy upon the occasion, Thomas, one of Lucy's servants, came hurrying to her with a letter, and told her on the delivery of it, that the messenger waited for an answer to it.

Lucy, before she opened her letter, ordered Thomas to assist the gentleman upon the ground, and to conduct him, if he was able to walk, to Farmer Fowler's. "There," added she, "I am sure he will be properly attended to." She then returned home, calling at the farmer's by the way, to prepare Mrs. Fowler for the reception of the stranger.

When she had dispatched the messenger, who waited for an answer, she set out for Mrs. Fowler's; but before she had walked a hundred yards, the gentleman, who had so powerfully excited her compassion appeared. Addressing himself to her, in the politest language, he poured out his grateful effusions with such a seducing volubility, that she could not help inviting him to dine with her. With readiness, with eagerness, he accepted the invitation; proved himself to be a very sensible, well-bred, entertaining companion; and at his departure at an early hour in the evening, easily gained

gained the permission of his fair inviter to wait upon her again.

“ Is he not quite a gentleman,” said Lucy, almost in raptures, to her friend.

“ Perfectly so, my dear,” replied Emily ; “ but as you know that his name is Brudeney, and that he has all the marks of the man of fashion about him, you was rather too precipitate, I think, in granting his last request.”

“ O ! he is a charming fellow,” cried Lucy ; “ and I dare say Thomas will bring me a very good account of his family, fortune, and connections.”

Lucy having received an account which gave her a great deal of pleasure, encouraged Brudeney's visits, and looked upon him as an object worthy of her attention : but Emily, not being satisfied with Thomas's intelligence, made it her business to obtain farther information concerning a man whom she, from some expressions which had unguardedly dropped from him, suspected him to be a needy adventurer, and by no means a real man of fashion.

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The answers which she received from her enquiries gratified her curiosity, but did not give her the wished for satisfaction: she found, indeed, that Brudeney was a mere fortune-hunter, and, in consequence of that discovery, warned her friend against the witcheries of his face and tongue: nay, she went so far as to tell her, urged by the truest regard for her interest, that if she did not immediately break off all acquaintance with him, she might be drawn into the most perplexing dilemma.

Lucy heard her friend's intelligence patiently, but she was too much prejudiced in her lover's favour to give any credit to it; of course, the advice with which it was accompanied, had no effect upon her.

Emily was not a little chagrined at her friend's incredibility; but she did not despair of gaining her point. Knowing that though she would not believe any thing against Brudeney from her, she was addicted to listen to the communications of fortune-tellers, and superstitious enough to be influenced by them; she assumed the character of a gipsy, and in that character happily saved her deluded companion from ruin: for Lucy, struck
with

with the gipsy's information, as it agreed minutely with her friend's, became extremely inquisitive about her lover's affairs, and by dismissing him with a becoming spirit, defeated his mercenary designs.

From this hour Emily appeared to her in a higher light than ever; her admonitions ever afterwards made a proper impresson upon her mind, and even her reproofs were not disregarded.

A WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN Limner, who had not the talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was upon the point of being sent to jail for debt; but having made an intimate acquaintance with a valet-de-chambre of a certain lady of fashion upon the *haut ton*, acquainted him with his impending fate. "My dear Jack, don't despond," said the valet, "there's a fine opening for you." "How so?" said the dejected artist. "Why, my lady this very day quarrelled with her painter, and I think I have interest enough to introduce you to supply his place." "But, my dear Ned, I am a very indifferent

indifferent portrait painter, and I am afraid I shall not give satisfaction." "Ha! ha! ha!" resumed the valet, "you make me laugh: you an artist, and have lived so long in the world, to think my lady only wants to have her portrait painted: no, no; you'll have nothing to do with canvases; flesh and blood you are to work upon." By this time an explanation ensued. The limner was introduced to her Ladyship, and pleased amazingly: he penciled her eye-brows to a nicety, and arched them entirely to her satisfaction. A deficiency in this point had made her dismiss her former painter. Jack was taken into immediate pay, and recommended to most of the ladies upon the *ton* for the delicacy of his touches, and instead of being immured in the Marchelsea, he now rides in his carriage.

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